

Adair County News

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NUMBER 3

JUDGE ROLLIN HURT.

Will Be a Candidate for Re-Election if Not Given Opposition

Judge Rollin Hurt was in Louisville last Tuesday and gave to the afternoon papers the following statement:

Unless he is given the Democratic nomination for the Appellate Judgeship in his district without opposition next year, Chief Justice Rollin Hurt of Columbia, Adair County, will not be a candidate for the bench in 1922, he said in a statement issued here today. His predecessors have been accorded an unopposed nomination for a second term, he said, pointing out that his reasons for declining to make the race for the nomination is that to make two races, one for the nomination and one for election, would take his time and attention, the better part of a year, "which I ought to be devoting to the duties of office."

Judge Hurt's district is close politically and is composed of the counties of Hardin, Bullitt, Nelson, Washington, Marion, Spencer, Larue, Hart, Green, Taylor, Adair, Metcalfe, Barren, Clinton, Wayne, Russell, Casey, Shelby, Oldham, Anderson, Pulaski and Cumberland.

JUDGE HURT'S STATEMENT.

Judge Hurt's statement follows:

"As matters now stand, I am and will continue to be a candidate to succeed myself on the Appellate bench unless I am compelled to make two races for the office. My predecessors in the office were accorded a nomination for a second term without opposition, and such procedure has grown to be a custom, but I do not know whether it will be adhered to. If I have to make a contest for the nomination I will cease to be a candidate, regardless of how bright my prospects for the nomination and then one to be elected would take my time and attention for the better part of a year, which I ought to be devoting to the duties of the office."

"If given the nomination, without confusion, I can be elected, I think, although the district has in some instances given adverse party majorities, and a party nomination is but a bare start in the district. When it becomes plain that I will have to wage a hard and active fight against some one to obtain the nomination, my candidacy will automatically cease."

"So you see if any one is ambitious for my place, so far as 'shunting' me from the track will accomplish his ambition, I have told exactly how it may be done. A practical politician might think that this statement coming from me is very poor politics on my part, but whether it is good or bad politics for me, I have made up my mind to that effect, and have no reason to conceal it from the people whom I would have to rely upon to elect me when nominated, and the matter is thus put up to any aspirant and his friends to settle for themselves."

Basket Ball Friday night at C. H. S. Gym. The old Town Team vs Jamestown.

An Old Story.

George and Henry Lawless, who many years ago lived in the Eastern portion of Adair county, followed trapping for a living and they generally went together when they started for game. One day they were on Sulphur creek, and walking along the bluff, Henry in the lead and George ten yards behind him. Suddenly a wildcat jumped from a bushy tree and lit on George's shoulder. He did not call his brother to assist him from the claws of the animal, but instead he reached up and caught the cat by his hind legs, swinging it around his head a few times, he dashed the animal's brains out against a sappling. Looking at the cat for a minute he said: "I let you know, sir, I am a wildcat killer." Henry was the only witness to the occurrence, and in his life time delighted in telling it.

Store Changes Hands.

Last week Mr. Albin Murray, who has been a very successful general merchant in Columbia for a number of years, sold his stock of goods to Mr. Herbert Dohoney and Mr. Bascom Dohoney, who will conduct a general store, at the same stand, over the firm name of Dohoney & Dohoney. It is a strong firm and no doubt will do a good business. They invite their friends to call and see them, promising the most courteous treatment.

Miss Lula Jones, who has had charge of the dress department for Mr. Murray's store for several years, remains with the new firm, and she will as has been her custom, take a delight in showing all the newest designs.

Mr. Murray will be missed as a Columbia merchant, as he has been exceedingly accommodating.

The new firm is so connected as to command a splendid trade from the start.

Basket Ball Friday night at C. H. S. Gym. The old Town Team vs Jamestown.

A Great Convenience.

Judge W. W. Jones' residence is now heated by steam, the furnace having been completed last week, and every thing works faultlessly. A company in Louisville installed the plant, and so perfectly did the mechanics do their work, not a leak was discovered when the steam was turned on. It is expensive to put in a heater, but the convenience and comfort one affords, is worth the price. Judge Jones has removed all his stoves, and to heat his entire residence now, all a member of the family has to do is "touch the button." People who are in a position to put in a plant should so do, and we understand others will be installed in this city.

WANTED. — Salesman with car to call on dealers with a low priced 6,000 mile fabric and 10,000 mile cord tire. \$100.00 a week with extra commissions.

Universal Tire & Rubber Company, Michigan City, Indiana.

A Splendid Lecture.

How the Bible was found, was told in a lecture at the Methodist church, last Sunday night by Rev. J. D. Canaday, General Representative of the American S. S. Union. Stereopticon views were used, and they were the best executed pictures we ever saw of their character. In showing how the Bible was found, the list of slides started with hieroglyphics to regular reading, and finally the book was made. Mr. Canaday made a splendid lecture, speaking so every one in the church could hear him. The chapel and annex were well filled and every body seemed to be perfectly delighted with the pictures and lecture.

Next Friday night will be the regular meeting of Columbia Lodge, No. 98, F. and A. M. It will be a very important meeting as an amendment to the by-laws will be voted upon and I am anxious for every member in reach of the lodge room to be present.

E. W. Read, Master.

Died in Danville, Illinois.

Sylvia Mae Bryant, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ethel Bryant, died in Danville, Ill., one day last week. Her remains were conveyed to Adair county for burial, arriving last Monday. She was five years and six months old. Her parents are natives of Adair county. The burial was near Purdy, many relatives and friends being present, all expressing sympathy for the bereaved parents.

Miss Annie Lee Branham, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Branham, was operated on for appendicitis, in St. Anthony Hospital, Louisville, about ten days ago. The operation was successful, and the patient is expected home this week. She lives at Breeding, and her father was with her when the operation was performed.

RESULTS OF THE ELECTION

There Were Some Surprises, the Voting Quiet and Steady

Not a Disturbance in the County Though Many Voters Crossed From one Side to the Other.

Persons Passed Eighty Here to Vote.

Mr. Gordon Montgomery, by the aid of Republicans, who showed their partiality for him, has been elected County Attorney of Adair over Mr. W. A. Coffey. The figures below will show how each precinct in the county voted. There was no apparent excitement, but a steady pull from the hour the poll opened until they closed, upon the part of the Democrats, aided by Republican friends, as above stated, brought about the result in favor of Mr. Montgomery. He is a most excellent gentleman, a splendid lawyer, and every body knows that he will make a diligent and fearless officer. Mr. Coffey, who has been the County Attorney for four years, is ready to extend his hand to Mr. Montgomery, only peace and good will prevailing.

Mr. Gus Jeffries, who was the Independent candidate for County Judge, has defeated W. S. Sinclair, present incumbent, for County Judge by small majority, which the figures will indicate.

The race is very close between Mr. M. C. Winfrey and Charles F. Paxton, Paxton's majority being 6.

It looks, as we write, that Mr. Evan Akin, Democrat, has been elected by a small majority, over Geo. Coffey for sheriff.

Mr. Noah Loy made a splendid race to represent Adair and Taylor in the next Legislature. He carried Taylor county, but lost Adair to Mr. Murrah by a vote sufficient to over balance the Taylor county vote.

The following is the vote of the county. Loy—West Columbia, 88; Bliss, 67; South Columbia, 149;

East Columbia, 126; Hurt, 146; North Columbia, 101; Milltown, 161; Tarter, 26; Keltner, 9; Gradyville, 49; Nell, 72; Sparksville, 78; Breeding, 115; Melson Ridge, 47; Harmony, 87; Glensfork, 180; Montpelier, 39; White Oak, 51; Ozark, 99; Eunice, 71; Little Cake, 35; Pellyton, 123; Knifley, 80; Roley, 101; Egypt, 95; East Cane Valley, 79; West Cane Valley, 94; Holmes, 42; Total, 2350.

The same precincts gave Murrah 2,709.

The same precincts gave Paxton, 2,644.

The same precincts gave Winfrey, 2,638.

Same precincts gave Sinclair 2,501.

Same precincts gave Jeffries, 2,528.

Same precincts gave Montgomery, 2,824.

Same precincts gave Coffey, 2,516.

Same precincts gave Akin 2,665.

Same precincts gave Coffey, 2,645.

It may be that a mistake may be found in the above figures, but they were added and checked by two different adding machines. The official count will be made next Friday, after which the finality will be announced.

Alvin Loy, Democrat, was elected magistrate in the Third district by 119 majority.

Judge I. H. Thurman, Democrat, was re-elected Circuit Judge in the Lebanon district by a large majority.

In Louisville Judge Quin defeated Overton Harris for Mayor by about 5,000 majority.

To the Trade of Adair County.

The undersigned having purchased the stock of goods of Mr. Albin Murray, have embarked in the dry goods business, in the same stand occupied by Mr. Murray. We intend to keep a full line of general merchandise, and our best endeavors will be devoted to pleasing the people. This is our first venture in the dry goods business, but we feel competent to meet all demands. We will sell as cheap as the lowest, and the most cordial attention will be given customers. If you do not see what you are looking for, ask for it. No trouble to show goods. Miss Lula Jones, the well-known saleslady, will continue in our dress department. Her reputation as a buyer and seller of dress goods is known all over the county. Due thanks will be returned for all goods passed over our counters.

Yours for trade, Dohoney & Dohoney.

The season for hunting will open November 15. The hunting laws have been published so often in this paper the readers are perfectly familiar with it.

A Card.

I desire to return my grateful thanks to all who patronized me while I was conducting a general store in Columbia. My friends have been loyal, and I would show ingratitude if I failed to express my appreciation for their partiality. Miss Lula Jones, who has been my efficient saleslady, also wants to express her thanks for the trade given her department, and to say that she will remain with the new firm, Dohoney & Dohoney, and will take pleasure in continuing to please the ladies.

Very truly,

Albin Murray.

If your Buggy needs Rubber Tiring see Morrison Bros.

52-4t

The election is over, and while it was exceedingly quiet in Adair county, many men were detained from their daily avocations on account of it. It is now hoped that the whole county will resume business, vigorously, and if there are any sore spots that they will soon disappear.

Announcement.

The following invitation has been received by Columbia friends:

Mr. and Mrs. James Garnett request the honor of your presence at the marriage of their daughter Frances

to

Mr. Robert Alexander Gayle on Wednesday evening, twenty-third of December

Nineteen hundred and twenty-one at eight o'clock at the Highland Baptist Church Louisville, Kentucky.

The couple will be at home, Frankfort, after December 10th.

Suspended.

Mr. Harry K. Knipp, who edited and published the Columbia Republican for some months past, requests us to announce that the publication of said paper had been suspended, and that the plant would be removed to Burkesville, where he will resume the publication of a paper to be called the Burkesville News. He hopes to get out the first issue the 23d of this month. He returns thanks for favors and patronage received here.

Prof. Pepp, is the name of a play that will be given in Columbia in about two weeks by local talent. There will be sixteen characters, and the play is full of fun. It will be enjoyed by all who will attend. It will be given at the High school Gym, and every body should attend. The proceeds go to buy books for the public library. There will be a further announcement.

We commend to the residents of Columbia the improvements that have recently been made at a number of homes in this town. The improvements are not only attractive, but value is added to the residences. Nothing speaks more plainly of a well-kept home than to see the outside attractive. An attractive home marks culture.

We learn from Mr. Clay Damron that a carpenter, who lives in New York, and who is engaged in building a large poultry house at Russell Springs, fell from the roof a few days ago and was badly hurt. Clay was of the opinion that it would be a week or ten days before he would be able to resume work.

The Lindsey-Wilson basket ball team was badly defeated at Jamestown last Friday afternoon. The game was played in the open, and the Lindsey boys did but little, as they were not accustomed to play on an out door court. The game closed with 25 scores for Jamestown, 6 for the Lindsey-Wilson.

Notice.

The tax books are now completed and I am ready to receive your taxes. Come in at once and settle. The sooner this is done, the better for all concerned.

Cortez Sanders, Sheriff, Adair County. 51-tf

The game between Centre and State drew about 10,000 people to Danville last Saturday. Four Columbians and six or eight Lindsey boys witnessed the contest which terminated in favor of Centre, 55 to nothing. The Lindsey boys car got out of commission and they did not reach home until late Sunday afternoon.

Wanted.

Address of John S. Stone and Maud Stone, formerly of Dead, Clinton county, Kentucky.

Edmond B. Bronson, 111 Broadway, New York City.

D. E. Phelps reached here last Friday afternoon with 85 good hogs, bought in Cumberland county, at \$6.75 per hundred. They were shipped to Louisville.

Mrs. Edna Feese, formerly of this place, but now of Berea, Ky., who was one of the solicitors in her district, to increase the circulation of the Lexington Herald, failed to win an automobile, there being several offered, but she did splendid work and was awarded one hundred dollars in cash.

Notice.

I will not be responsible for any trades made, or checks written and signed by my son, Frank Caldwell, for he is not capable of making trades and giving checks.

Mrs. Etta Caldwell, Columbia, Ky.

1-3t

A son of Mr. Silas Chapel and Miss Nellie Ellis, who live at Pellyton, eloped for the purpose of getting married last Thursday. It is not known whether they went to Indiana or Tennessee. Miss Ellis is said to be only fifteen years old. She is a niece of 'Squire Welby Ellis.

Sheet Iron Stoves.

I have on hand the following sizes in stoves at my shop 22 inches \$3.75, 24 inches \$4.00, 26 inches \$4.30. All of the stoves have large doors, and are hand made from extra heavy iron.

Edwin Cravens.

Mrs. Hellen Waggener, who was a sister of Mr. Art Walker, this place, died in the Indian Territory one day last week. She was a very estimable woman and was about sixty-eight years old. She had been in the West for many years. The older people about town kindly remember her.

Rubber Tiring.

We are now prepared to Rubber tire your buggy with the best grade of Rubber, at \$12.00 per set. We guarantee our work.

Morrison Bros.

52-4t

The foundation for the Engine House has been put down. It is concrete, and the other work will be pushed to completion. The residents of Columbia are again called upon to see Mr. Reed and make a contribution.

Type Writer Ribbons.

We have type-writer ribbons for sale, the Oliver, Remington and Smith Premier. Call while they last.

Mr. Robert Ingram, who recently resigned as cashier of the First National Bank, Russell Springs, has been a busy man every day since he went out the bank. He is writing insurance and is having a fine run of business.

Ladies' Hats

Nice line of up-to-date ladies hats at our store which will be sold at actual cost. Call at once. They are going.

Blair & Ellis, Garlin, Ky.

2-4t

A new Masonic Lodge was organized at Marrowbone, Cumberland county last week. There were thirteen charter members, and twenty-six petitions. The Lodge was organized by Grand Secretary Dave Jackson.

Anyone wanting a girl to do house work, see Mary Shearer, Columbia, Ky.

2-2t

Mr. L. C. Winfrey has completed his concrete work around his porch, and it would be a hard matter to find a neater job. Mr. Winfrey made his calculation and was present to see that every block was properly placed.

Good Hoosier Domestic 12 1/2 yard. Good Outing Cloth 15c per yard.

J. F. Neat.

A Man To His Mate

By
J. ALLEN DUNN

Illustrations by
Irwin Myers

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—Littering on the San Francisco water front, John Rainey, newspaper reporter, is accosted by a blind man, a giant in size, who asks Rainey to lead him to the sailing schooner Karluk. The blind man tells Rainey he is an old shipmate of Captain Simms of the Karluk and desires to make his visit a surprise. He asks Rainey to lead him aboard, and Rainey does so. In the cabin they find Captain Simms and a man named Carlsen. Simms recognizes the blind man, calling him Jim Lund. Lund accuses Simms of abandoning him, blind on an ice floe, and denounces him for what he calls his ingratitude. Simms denies the charge, but Lund refuses to be pacified. He declares his intention of accompanying the Karluk on its expedition north, where it is going in quest of a gold field which Lund has discovered. Peggy, Simms' daughter, is aboard, and defends her father. Carlsen, who is a physician, drugs Rainey.

He sat up in his bunk, fully clothed as he had come aboard, the door of his cabin opened and the doctor appeared, nodded coolly as he saw Rainey moving, disappeared for an instant, and brought in a draft of some sort in a long glass.

"Take this," said Carlsen. "Pull you together. Then we'll get some food into you."

The calm insolence of the doctor's manner, ignoring all that had happened, seemed to send all the blood in Rainey's body fuming to his brain. He took the glass and hurled its contents at Carlsen's face. The doctor dodged, and the stuff splashed against the cabin wall, only a few drops reaching Carlsen's coat.

"Don't be a d—d fool," he said to Rainey, his voice irritatingly even. "Are you afraid it's drugged? I would not be so clumsy. I could have given you a hypodermic while you slept, enough to keep you unconscious for as many hours as I chose—or forever."

"I'll mix you another dose—one more—take it or leave it. Take it, and you'll soon feel yourself again after Tamada has fed you. Then we'll thrash out the situation. Leave it, and I wash my hands of you. You can go for'ard and bunk with the men and do the dirty work."

Rainey felt that he had made a fool of himself, and he took the second draft, which almost instantly relieved him, cleansing his mouth and throat and, as his headache died down, clearing his brain.

"Why did you drug me?" he demanded. "Pretty high-handed. I can make you pay for this."

"Yes? How? When? We're well off Cape Mendocino, heading north-west or thereabouts. Nothing between us and Unalaska but fog and deep water. Before we get back you'll see the payment in a different light. We're not pirates. This was plain business. A million or more in sight."

"Lund nearly spilled things as it was, raving the way he did. It's a wonder some one didn't overhear him with sense enough to tumble."

"But we didn't take any risks after his blowing off. He might have done it ashore before you brought him aboard. I don't think so. But he might. And so might you, later."

"I'd have given you my word."

"And meant to keep it. But you'd have been an uncertain factor, a weak link. You knew too much. Suppose the Karluk fought up to Kotzebue bay and found a dozen power-vessels hanging about, waiting for us to lead them to the beach? And we'd have worried all the way up, with you loose."

"I don't suppose your salary is much over thirty a week, is it? Now, then, here you are in for a touch of real adventure, better than gleaming dock gossip, to a red-blooded man. If we win—and you saw the gold—you win. We expect to give you a share. More than you'd earn in ten years. Likely, more than you'd be apt to save in a lifetime. We kidnapped you for your own good. You're a prisoner de luxe, with the run of the ship."

"I can work my passage," said Rainey. He didn't trust the doctor, though he thought he'd play fair about the gold. But it was funny, his assuming control.

"Ah!" The doctor appeared to dismiss the subject with some relief. "Well," he went on, "are you open to reason—and food? I'm sorry about your friends and folks ashore, but you're not the first prodigal who has come back with the fatted calf instead of hungry for it."

"That part of it is all right," said Rainey. There was no help for the situation, save to make the most of it and the best. "But I'd like to ask you a question."

"Go ahead. Have a cigarette?"

Rainey would rather have taken it from anyone else, but the whiff of burning tobacco, as Carlsen lit up, gave him an irresistible craving for a smoke. Besides, it wouldn't do for the doctor to know he mistrusted him. If he was to be a part of the ship's life, there was small sense in acting pettishly. He took the cigarette, accepted the light, and inhaled gratefully.

"What's the question?" asked Carlsen.

"You weren't on the last trip. You weren't in on the original deal. But I find you doing all the talking, making me offers. You drugged me on your own impulse. Where's the skipper? How does he stand in this matter?"

"You're asking a good deal for an outsider, it seems to me, Rainey. I came to you partly as your doctor. But I speak for the captain and the crew. Don't worry about that."

"And Lund?" Rainey had gathered that the doctor resented Lund.

Carlsen's eyes narrowed. "Lund will be taken care of," he said, and, for the life of him, Rainey could not judge the statement for threat or friendly promise. "As for my status, I expect to be Captain Simms' son-in-law as soon as the trip is over."

"All right," said Rainey. Carlsen's announcement surprised him. Somehow he could not place the girl as the doctor's fiancée.

He rose and bathed face and hands. Carlsen left the cabin. The main room was empty when Rainey entered, but there was a place set at the table.

The main cabin was well appointed in hardwood, with red cushions on the transoms and a creeping plant or so hanging here and there. A canary chirped up and broke into rolling song. It was all homely, innocuous. Yet he had been drugged at the same table not so long before. And now he was pledged a share of unguaranteed gold. It was a far cry back to his desk in the Times office.

A Japanese entered, sturdy, of white-clad figure, deft, polite, incurious. He had brought in some ham and eggs, strong coffee, sliced canned peaches, bread and butter. He served as Rainey ate heartily, feeling his old self coming back with the food, especially with the coffee.

"Thanks, Tamada," he said as he pushed aside his plate at last.

"Everything arright, sir?" purred the Japanese.

Rainey nodded. The "sir" was reassuring. He was accepted as a somebody aboard the Karluk. Tamada cleared away swiftly, and Rainey felt for his own cigarettes. Some one was snoring in a stateroom off the cabin, and he fancied by its volume it was Lund.

It was a divided ship's company, after all. For he knew that Lund, handicapped with his blindness, would live perpetually suspicious of Simms. And the doctor was against Lund. Rainey's own position was a paradox.

He started for the companionway, and a slight sound made him turn, to face the girl. She looked at him casually as Rainey, to his annoyance, flushed.

"Good afternoon," said Rainey. "Are you going on deck?"

It was not a clever opening, but she seemed to rob him of wit, to an extent. He had yet to know how she stood concerning his presence aboard. Did she countenance the forcible kidnapping of him as a possible tattler? Or—?

"My father tells me you have decided to go with us," she said, pleasantly enough, but none too cordially. Rainey thought.

"You have not been well. I hope you are better. Have you eaten?"

Rainey began to think that she was ignorant of the facts. And he made up his mind to ignore them.

"Thank you, I have," he said. "I was going to look up Mr. Lund."

The sentence covered a sudden change of mind. He no longer wanted to go on deck with the girl. They were not to be intimates. She was



"Good Afternoon," said Rainey. "Are You Going on Deck?"

to marry Carlsen. He was an outsider. Carlsen had told him that. So she seemed to regard him, impersonally, without interest. It piqued him.

"Mr. Lund is in the first mate's cabin," said the girl, indicating a door. "Mr. Bergstrom, who was mate, died at sea last voyage. Doctor Carlsen acts as navigator with my father, but he has another room."

She passed him and went on deck. Carlsen was acting first mate as well as surgeon. That meant he had seamanship. Also that they had taken in no replacements, no other men to swell the little corporation of fortune-hunters who knew the secret, or a part of it. It was unusual, but Rainey shrugged his shoulders and rapped on the door of the cabin.

It took loud knocking to waken Lund. At last he roared a "Come in." Rainey found him seated on the edge of his bunk, dressed in his underclothes, his glasses in place. Rainey wondered whether he slept in them. Lund's uncanny intuition seemed to read the thoughts. He tapped the lenses.

"Hate to take them off," he said. "Light hurts my eyes, though the optic nerve is dead. Seems to strike through. How're ye makin' out?"

"You know they drugged me," Rainey ended his recital of the interview he had had with the doctor.

"Knockout drops? I guessed it. That doctor's slick. Well, you've not much fault to find, have ye? Carlsen talked sense. Here you are on the road to a fortune. I'll see yore share's a fair one. There's plenty. It ain't a bad billet you've fallen into, my lad. But I'll look out for ye. And I'll need ye."

He lowered his voice mysteriously. "You're a writer, Mister Rainey. You've got brains. You can see which way a thing's heading. You've heard enough. I'm blind. I've bin done dirt once aboard the Karluk, and I don't aim to stand for it ag'in."

"I ain't got eyes. You have. Use 'em for both of us. I ain't asking ye to take sides, exactly. But I've got cause for bein' suspicious. I don't call the skipper 'Honest' Simms no more. And I ain't stuck on that doctor. He's too bossy. He's got the skipper under his thumb. And there's something funny about the skipper. He ain't the same man. Mebbe it's his conscience. But that doctor's runnin' him."

"He's going to marry the captain's daughter," said Rainey.

"Simms' daughter? Carlsen goin' to marry her? Um! That may account for the milk in the coconut."

His face became crafty, and he reached out for Rainey's knee, found it as readily as if he had sight, and tapped it for emphasis.

"That makes all the more reason for us lookin' out for things, matey," he went on, almost in a whisper. "If they've played me once they may do it ag'in. And they've got the odds settin' aside my eyes. But I can turn a trick or two. Stick to me, an' I'll see you git yore whack."

"I'll have yore bunk changed. You'll come in with me. An' we'll put one an' one together. We'll be mates. Don't forget they fixed yore grog. I had nothin' to do with that. I may be stranded, but, if the tide rises—"

He set the clutch of his powerful fingers deep into Rainey's leg above the knee with a grip that left purple bruises there before the day was over.

"We two, matey," he said. "Now you an' me'll have a tot of stuff that ain't doped."

He moved about the little cabin with an astounding freedom and sureness, chuckling as he handled bottle and glasses and measured out the whisky and water.

"When yore blind," he said, ramming his pipe full of black tobacco, "they's other things comes to ye. I know the run of this ship, blindfold, you might say. I c'd go aloft in a pinch, or steer her. More grog?"

But Rainey abstained after the first glass, though Lund went on lowering the bottle without apparent effect.

"So yore a bit of a sailor?" the giant asked presently. "An' a scholar. You can navigate, I make no doubt?"

"I hope to get a chance to learn on the trip," answered Rainey. "I know the general principles, but I've never tried to use a sextant. I'm going to get the skipper to help me out. Or Carlsen."

"Carlsen! What in h—l does a doctor know about navigation?" demanded Lund.

Rainey told him what the girl had said, and the giant grunted.

"I have my doubts whether they'll ever help ye," he said. "Wish I could. But it 'ud be hard without my eyes. An' I've got no sextant an' no book o' tables. It's too bad."

His disappointment seemed keen, and Rainey could not fathom it. Why had both Lund and Carlsen seemed to lay stress on this matter? Why was the doctor relieved and Lund disappointed at his ignorance?

CHAPTER III.

Target Practice.

The Karluk was an eighty-five-ton schooner, Gloster Fisherman type, with a length of ninety and a beam of twenty-five feet. Her enormous stretch of canvas, spread to the limit on all possible occasions by Captain Simms, was offset by the pendulum of lead that made up her keel, and she could slide through the seas at twelve knots on her best point of sailing—reaching—the wind abaft her beam.

After Rainey had demonstrated at the wheel that he had the mastery of her and had shown that he possessed sea-legs, Captain Simms appointed him second mate.

"We don't carry one as a rule," the skipper said. "But it'll give you a rating and the right to eat in the cabin." He had not brought up the subject of Rainey's kidnapping, and Rainey let it go. There was no use arguing about the inevitable. The rating and the cabin fare seemed offered as an apology, and he was willing to accept it.

Carlsen acted as first mate, and Rainey had to acknowledge him efficient. He fancied the man must have been a ship's surgeon, and so picked up his seamanship. A sailor named Hansen was promoted to acting quartermaster, and relieved Rainey. Carlsen spent most of his time attendant on the girl or chatting with the hunters, with whom he soon appeared on terms of intimacy.

The hunters esteemed themselves

above the sailors, as they were, in intelligence and earning capacity.

There were six hunters and twelve sailors, outside of a general roustabout and butt named "Sandy," who cleaned up the forecabin and the hunters' quarters, where they messed apart, and helped Tamada, the cook, in the galley with his pots and dishes.

"Cordin' to the agreement," Lund said to Rainey, "the gold's to be split into a hundred shares. One for each sailorman, an' they chip in for the boy. Two for the hunters, two for the cook, four for Bergstrom, the first mate, who died at sea. Twenty for 'ship's share.' Fifty shares to be split between Simms an' me."

"What's the 'ship's share'?" asked Rainey.

"Represents capital investment. Matter of fact, it belongs to the gal," said Lund. "Simms gave her the Karluk. It's in her name with the insurance."

"Then he and his daughter get forty-five shares, and you only twenty-five?"

"You got it right," grinned Lund. "Simms is no philanthropist. It wa'n't so easy for me to git enny one to go in with me, son. I ain't the first man to come trallin' in with news of a strike. An' I had nothin' to show for it. Matter of fact, Honest Simms was the only one who didn't laff at me outright."

"An' we had a hard an' tight agreement drawn up on paper, signed, witnessed an' recorded. 'Course it holds him as well as it holds me, but he gits the long end of that stick. When I read, or got it read to me, in the Seattle News-Courier, that the Karluk was listed as 'Arrived' in San Francisco, it was all I could do to git car fare an' grub money. If I hadn't bin blind, an' some of 'em half-way human to'ard a man with his lights out, I'd never have raised it."

"But I'm here an' I've got some say-so. One thing, you're goin' to git Bergstrom's share. I don't give a d—n where the doctor comes in. If he marries the gal he'll git her twenty shares, ennyway. Though he ain't married her yet. And I ain't through with Simms yet," he added, with an emphasis that was a trifle grim. Rainey thought.

"It's me an' you ag'in the rest of 'em, seems to me, Rainey. The doc's alumin' to be the Big Boss aboard this schooner. He's got the skipper buffaloed. But not me, not by a jugful."

He slammed his big fist against the side of the bunk so viciously that it seemed to jar the cabin. The blow was typical of the man, Rainey decided. He felt for Lund not exactly a liking, but an attraction, a certain compelled admiration. The giant was elemental, with a driving force inside him that was dynamic, magnetic. What a magnificent pirate he would have made, thought Rainey, looking at his magnificent proportions and considering the crude philosophies that cropped out in his talk.

"I'm in life for the loot of it, Rainey," Lund declared. "Food an' drink to tickle my tongue an' fill my belly, the woman I happen to want, an' bein' able to buy ennythin' I set my fancy on. The answer to that is Gold. With it you can buy most enny thing. Not all wimmen, I'll grant you that. Not the kind of woman I'd want for a steady mate. That's one thing I've found out can't be bought. My son, the honor of a good woman. An' that's the sort of woman I'm lookin' for."

"This is my gold, an' I'm goin' to handle it. If enny one tries to swizzle me out of it I'm goin' to swizzle back."



"An' That's the Sort of Woman I'm Lookin' For."

an' you can lay to that. Not forgettin' them that stands by me."

Between Lund and Simms there existed a sort of armed truce. No open reference was made to the desertion of Lund on the fact. But Rainey knew that it rankled in Lund's mind. The five, Peggy Simms, her father, Carlsen, Lund and Rainey, ostensibly messed together, but Rainey's duties generally kept him on deck until Carlsen had sufficiently completed his own meal to relieve him. By that time the girl and the captain had left the table.

Lund invariably waited for Rainey. Tamada kept the food hot for them.

To Rainey, Tamada seemed the hardest worked man aboard ship. He

CONTINUED ON PAGE 6

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It is too late After the Fire—Better see us before the next one occurs.

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INSURANCE IN ALL ITS BRANCHES

COLUMBIA, KY.

SHERIFF'S PAY.

The fact that many Sheriffs of the State are now receiving as fees for the collection of taxes more than the constitutional limit of \$5,000 annually was an issue in the primary in some counties with the result that certain shrievalty candidates offered to share the fees with the taxpayers by applying the excess to the road fund. After the Attorney General had ruled that such campaign pledges were contrary to public policy and void, the candidates making such offers were defeated for party nominations wherever they offered.

If the primary returns were any index the people were not impressed with such demagogic pleas and the idea of office auctions. It was thought that the primary had disposed of efforts to place a limitation on the compensation of the Sheriff, but at a recent meeting of the Farmers' Union in Fayette County, a resolution was favored authorizing a suit against the Sheriff to require him to pay back all com-



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compensation in excess of his office expenses, the salaries of his deputies and \$5,000 a year for himself. Such action would bring the matter squarely to the front for legal adjudication.

The Sheriff is a constitutional officer and this might have a bearing in such a suit. If the action is instituted it will affect every Sheriff in Kentucky whose pay exceeds the constitutional limit.—Louisville Times.

Unable to secure a special judge, the trial of Maurice Galvin for illegally securing the pardon of Blair, has been postponed to the January term of the Franklin Circuit Court.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2

had three messes to cook and he was busy from morning until night, efficient, tireless and even-tempered. The crew, though they acknowledged his skill, were Californians, either by birth or adoption, and the racial prejudice against the Japanese was apparent.

A week of good wind was followed by dirty weather. The persistence and increasing opposition of the storm seemed to have a corresponding effect upon Captain Simms.

He grew daily more irritable and morose, even to his daughter. Only the doctor appeared able to get along with him on easy terms, and Rainey noticed that, to Carlsen, the skipper seemed conciliatory even to deference.

Peggy Simms watched her father with worried eyes. The curious, tarnished look of his tanned skin grew until the flesh seemed continually dry and of an earthy color; his lips peeled, and more than once he shook as if with a chill.

On the eleventh day out, Rainey went below in the middle of the afternoon for his seaboots. In the main cabin he found Simms seated in a chair with his daughter leaning over him, speaking to her in a harsh, complaining voice.

"No, you can't do a thing for me," he was saying. "It's this sciatika. I've got to get Carlsen."

As Rainey passed through to his own little stateroom neither of them noticed him, but he saw that the captain was shivering, his hands picking almost convulsively at the tablecloth.

"Where's Carlsen, curse him!" Rainey heard through his cabin partition. "Tell him I can't stand this any longer. He's got to help me. Got to. Got to."

As Rainey appeared, walking heavily in his boots, the girl looked up. Her father was slumped in his chair, his face buried on his folded arms. The girl glanced at him doubtfully, apparently uncertain whether to go herself to find Carlsen or stay with her father.

"Anything I can do, Miss Simms? Your father seems quite ill."

The hesitation of the girl even to speak to him was very plain to Rainey. Suddenly she threw up her chin.

"Kindly find Doctor Carlsen," she ordered, rather than requested. "Ask him to come as soon as he can. I—" She turned uncertainly to her father.

"Can I help you to get him into the cabin?" asked Rainey.

She thanked him with lips, not eyes, and he assisted her to shift the almost helpless man into his room and bunk. He was like a stuffed sack between them, save that his body twitched. While Rainey took most of the weight, he marveled at the strength of the slender girl and the way in which she applied it. Simms seemed to have fainted, to be on the verge of unconsciousness or even utter collapse. Rainey felt his wrist, and the pulse was almost imperceptible. "I'll get the doctor immediately," he said.

"Mighty funny sort of sciatika," Rainey told himself as he hurried forward. He knew where Carlsen was, in the hunters' cozy quarters, playing poker.

"The skipper's ill," said Rainey. "No pulse. Almost unconscious."

Carlsen raised his eyebrows.

"Didn't know you were a physician," he said. "Just one of his spells. I'll finish this hand. Too good to lay down. The skipper can wait, for once."

The hunters grinned as Carlsen took his time to draw his cards, make his bets and eventually win the pot on three queens.

"I wonder what your real game is?" Rainey asked himself as he affected



"The Skipper's ill," said Rainey. "No Pulse. Almost Unconscious."

to watch the play. According to his own announcement Carlsen was deliberately neglecting the father of the girl he was to marry and at the same time slighting the captain to his own men. Carlsen drew in his chips and leisurely made a note of the amount.

The captain did not make his appearance for that day, the next, or the next. Carlsen kept his own counsel, and Peggy Simms spent most of her time in the main cabin with her eyes always roving to her father's door. Carlsen was the apparent controller of the schooner. Lund was quick to sense this.

"We got to block that Carlsen's game," he said to Rainey. "There's a nigger in the woodpile somewhere and you and me got to uncover him, matey, afore we reach Bering strait, or you and me'll finish this trip squattin' on the rocks of one of the Four Mountain islands makin' faces at the gulls."

"I wish you could git under the skin of that Jap. No use tryin' to git in with the crew or the hunters. They're ag'in' both of us—leastwise the hunters are. The hands don't count. They're jest plain hash."

Lund spoke with an absolute contempt of the sailors that was characteristic of the man.

"They don't look on us two as mas-cots," went on Lund. "But to git back to that Jap. Forewarned is fore-armed. He ain't over an' above liked, but they've got used to him goin' back an' forth with their grub, an' they sort of despise him for a yellow-skinned coolie."

"Now, Tamada ain't no coolie. I know Japs. He's a cut above his job. An' there ain't much goin' on that Tamada ain't wise to. See if you can't get next to him. Trouble is he's too d—n' neutral. He knows he's safe, becuz he's cook an' a d—n' good one. But he's wise to what Carlsen's playin' at."

"Carlsen don't care for man, woman, God or the devil. Neither do I," he concluded. "An' I've got a card or two up my sleeve."

The storm blew out, and there came a spell of pleasant weather. Simms was still confined to his cabin.

Except for observations and the details of navigation, Carlsen left the schooner to Rainey. They were well off the coast, out of the fogs, apparently alone upon the lonely ocean that ran sparkling to the far horizon. It was warm, there was little to do, the sailors, as well as the hunters, spent most of their time lounging on the deck.

Lund hung over the rail, smoking, or paced the deck, always close to Rainey. The manner in which he went about the ship was almost uncanny. Except that his arms were generally ahead of him when he moved, his hands, with their woolly covering of red hair, lightly touching boom or rope or rail, he showed no hesitation, made no mistakes. When the breeze was steady he would even take the wheel and steer perfectly by the "feel of the wind" on his cheek, the slap of it in the canvas, or the creak of the rigging to tell him if he was holding to the course. And he took an almost childish delight in proclaiming his prowess as helmsman.

The booms were stayed out against swinging in flaws and the roll of the sea, and Lund strode back and forth behind Rainey, who had the wheel. The hunters were grouped about Carlsen, who, seated on the skylight, was telling them something at which they guffawed at frequent intervals.

"Spinnin' them some of his smutty yarns," growled Lund, halting in his promenade. "Bad for discipline, an' bad for us. He's the sort of fine-feathered bird that wouldn't give those chaps a first look ashore. Gettin' in solid with 'em that way is a bad steer. You can't handle a man you make a pal of, w'en he ain't yore rank."

"Captain Simms seems to believe in him," answered Rainey. He wondered how much of Carlsen's increasing dominance over the skipper Lund had noticed.

"Simms is Carlsen's dog!" exploded Lund. "The doc's got somethin' on him, mark me. Carlsen's a bad egg an', w'en he hatches, you'll see a buzzard. An' you wait till he's needed as a doctor on somethin' that takes more'n a few kind words or a flick out a bottle."

Hansen came aft, offering to take the wheel.

"They hane goin' to shute at targets," he said. "Meester Carlsen he put up prizes. For rifle an' shotgun. Thought you might like to watch it, sir."

Rainey gave over the spokes and went to the starboard rail with Lund, watching the preparations between fore and main masts for the competition, and telling Lund what was happening. Carlsen gave out some shotgun cartridges from cardboard boxes, twelve to each of the six hunters.

Sandy, the roustabout, had been requisitioned to toss up empty bottles, and those who failed cursed him for a poor thrower. A hunter named Deming made no misses, and secured first prize of ten dollars in gold, with a man named Beale scoring two behind him, and getting half that amount from Carlsen.

Then came the test with the rifles. The weapons were all of the same caliber, well oiled, and in perfect condition. Each of the hunters had a few shells in his possession, but they lacked the total of six dozen by a considerable margin.

Carlsen went below for the necessary ammunition while the target was completed and set in place. A keg had been rigged with a weight underslung to keep it upright, and a tin can, painted white, set on a short spar in one end of the keg. A light line was attached to a bridle, and the mark lowered over the stern, where it rode, bobbing in the tail of the schooner's wake, thirty fathoms from the taffrail where the crowd gathered.

More bullets hit the keg than the can, and Carlsen was often called upon as umpire. But the tin gradually became ragged and blotched where the steel-jacketed missiles tore through. Beale and Deming both had five clean, undisputed hits, tying for first prize. Beale offered to shoot it off with six more shells apiece, and Deming consented.

"Can't be done," declared Carlsen.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 6

BIG REDUCTION IN PRICES

PRICES ON

Chevrolet Automobiles Are Now Down.

Read the Reductions as

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WOOD LEWIS

490 Touring Car \$525.00. Roadster 525.00. Light Delivery \$525.00.

They are are Durable and Easy Running.

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I have a large supply of the very best makes and I am selling them at living prices. Rid-

ing and walking plows, all kinds at LIBERAL DISCOUNT for CASH.

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EAGLE PENCIL COMPANY, NEW YORK

"Superfluous Women"

Fifteen million women in Europe are "doomed to die unmarried" and there are two million more women than men in England according to recent estimates. Various persons commenting on this situation have been filled not only with dark foreboding for society but with gloomy pity for these "superfluous women." Some of the pity may be wanted; all of it would be it a general social attitude were to go with the word "superfluous". Fifteen million women all feeling superfluous would add to a considerable total of piteous woe. But the day for that has gone by and it's high time the word superfluous as a synonym for unmarried, went with it.

Bitter economic hardships here will be, of course—women thrown on their own resources without training or equipment.

But thousands of women, formerly sheltered, are finding it possible to tackle life for themselves and are enjoying it. Aside from these, too, there are those for whom the word "superfluous" is simply insulting—the women who are helping to build up the broken lives of their countries, especially through care of the children. Such women give their spirit of motherhood to great groups instead of to a small family and render a service that would otherwise not be given. As a final point, sheer force of numbers, as the New York World points out, may give the women in certain of the European countries a social and political power they never had before.

Married life is normal and desirable, but it is too late in the day to assume that marriage is a woman's whole and only destiny, or that a spinster if any more superfluous than a bachelor.—The Woman Citizen.

Columbian Barber Shop

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Here is a proposition we make to readers who want a city paper, but do not want a daily:

We will furnish the Adair County News and the St. Louis Twice-a-week Globe Democrat for \$1.90 per year, in Kentucky. To subscribers living in other States \$2.40.

The Twice-a-week Globe Democrat is one of the best and newest papers published in this country. We do not know how long this proposition will hold good, therefore, if you want the papers, call or send in your subscription at once.

Adair County News

Published On Tuesdays

At Columbia, Kentucky.

J. E. MURRELL, Editor
MRS. DAISY HAMLETT, Mgr.

A Democratic Newspaper devoted to the Interest of the city of Columbia and the People of Adair and adjoining Counties.

Entered at the Columbia Post-office as second class matter.

TUESDAY NOV. 8, 1921.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE:

In Kentucky.....\$1.50
Outside of Kentucky.....\$2.00
All Subscriptions are due and Payable in Advance

Tom Slaughter, the notorious bank robber and murderer, is to be placed in the electric chair. In the Arkansas, Jefferson county, circuit court he was so condemned on Tuesday, the first day of this month. An appeal will be taken. His conviction was for killing a trusty at the Arkansas penitentiary.

In a statement to the Associated Press Cordell Hull, the new Democratic National Committee chairman, has outlined his policies. Briefly he said, he would endeavor to develop the committee into a "most militant and efficient organization," within his capacity, and would disseminate facts concerning the "short comings" of the present administration among "average citizens." Mr. Hull is a Tennessean, and he and his father are personally known to several gentlemen about Columbia, and they are spoken of as men who do things.

Cumberland County Oil Notes.

BY T. EARLE WILLIAMS.

A. S. McClintock has contracted with Grant & Rowe to drill three wells on the Charlie Smith farm on Bear Creek, to commence immediately. This farm joins the Lela Keen farm on which Johns & Patterson recently drilled in a nice well.

G. S. Patterson, of Shepherdsville, Ky., was here this week, and arranged to resume drilling on the F. F. Smith farm, on Bear Creek. It will be remembered that sometime ago this firm partially completed a well on this tract, but had to suspend drilling on account of continued high gas pressure.

Drilling on the J. A. Neeley farm is temporarily suspended, owing to a broken engine. This well should come in about the 7th, inst.

Fike & Co., of Uniontown, Pa., commenced drilling on the James Williams farm, on Casey's Fork of Marrowbone creek the 1st inst. This Company are hustlers and will push the work here as rapidly as possible and a good well is expected here.

T. A. Sheridan will drill to the third pay on the well on the G. C. Smith farm on Big Renox Creek.

The No. 2 on the C. W. Strange farm on Big Renox Creek is around 600 feet and drilling with good prospects for a well.

Wick & McKee are drilling at 450 feet on the No. 1, on the John Alexander farm, near Bakerton.

White, Spellacy & Moore are drilling on the No. 2 on the Lela

Smith farm, near Bakerton. Present depth not known.

Messrs. White and Moore, of the above mentioned firm, are spending a few days on Brush Creek, and expect while here to drill in their well on the John Radford farm.

Major James A. Gartlan is down 125 feet and drilling on the No. 2 on the C. E. Keen farm, on Brush creek. This well should come in this week.

Dallas Goff is drilling on the Frank Radford farm, for Wick & McKee. This farm joins the above mentioned Keen farm.

Another Advance in Crude oil. The grade produced in this field, known as Somerset Light, was advanced 25c per barrel, making the quoted market price \$2.65 per barrel.

Forming Good Reading Habits.

If parents wish their children to form good reading habits they must first form such habits themselves. And there is no better way to do this than to bring into the household a periodical that will be of interest to every member of it; that will supply the best reading for old and young. Among the periodicals of this description The Youth's Companion is unique. Not only does it aim to entertain and inform boys and girls in their teens, as its name suggests, but there is not a page in it that parents can pass over with indifference.

The 52 issues of 1922 will be crowded with serial stories, short stories, editorials, poetry, facts and fun. Subscribe now and receive:

1. The Youth's Companion—52 issues in 1922.
2. All the remaining issues of 1921.
3. The Companion Home Calendar for 1922. All for \$2.50.
4. Or include McCall's Magazine, the monthly authority on fashions. Both publications, only \$3.00.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, Commonwealth Ave., & St. Paul St., Boston, Mass.

See my line of shoes They are worth the money.

J. F. Neat.

Paid List.

The following are new paid subscribers and renewals since our issue of last Tuesday.

Belle Tucker, P. C. Thompson, O. T. Smith, W. L. Gaddberry, E. A. McKinley, Geo. Hancock, I. O. Rowe, Charles C. Tennis, John A. Harris, F. L. Morse & Co., Nannie B. Lewis, E. Reneau, Carnahan Oil Co., J. S. Grissom, G. W. Coffey, E. B. Cheat-ham, J. P. Clayton, Ruel Wooten, F. M. Wilmore, Martha Grady, T. B. Lyon, Beecher Pierce, Mrs. G. T. Flowers, Mrs. Jas. Menzies, Mrs. S. L. Kinnaid, W. T. Withers, J. B. Russell, P. H. Dunbar, J. B. Jeffries, L. C. Powell, O. C. Fink, Robert Ingram, Owen Pulliam, D. O. Eubank, W. J. Jones, J. D. Bryant.

Just received a good lot of odd coats. Prices right.

J. F. Neat.

S. C. Neat issued marriage licenses, a few days ago, to A. R. Blakey and Betsy Ann Burton. Blakey was 60 years old and his affianced gave her age as 52. They had both lost companions.

This office printed 91 ballots for the election, and take it from us that it required work, but they were all delivered in ample time. This is a busy office, but there are busy people behind it. To do all the other work that was brought in, get the paper out on time, is something for which we feel proud. All honor to our force.

Mr. Lisle Tate Sublett, whose home was near the Green River Bridge died one day last week. He was thirty-six years old and was known as a man of sterling character. He leaves a wife and one son, who have the sympathy of the entire neighborhood.

Miss Cecil Sullivan entertained about forty of her young friends at the home of her aunt, Miss Ola Wilson, Halloween evening. There were many unique costumes, and the little folks had a very enjoyable time.

Mr. Clarence Hindman has added another story to his residence, on Garnett Avenue, making his place a very attractive home. There is not a one-story building on this street one of the most attractive in town.

E. A. McKinley sold to Finis Williams recently, the farm, on the Russell Springs road, known as the Jo Karnes place, for \$1,600. Mr. Williams will remove to the place in a very short time.

Mrs. Wm. Holmes, who was 57 years old, died near Purdy last Sunday night. She was a sister of Mr. E. M. Bryant, and was a good woman, one that will be greatly missed by the neighborhood.

Mr. James Voils, who was accidentally struck by an automobile, in the Southern part of the county, a week or more ago, is improving. It was at first thought that he was fatally hurt.

Mrs. Ethel Burton, who was a daughter of Mr. Art Bailey, died in the Little Cake precinct, a few days ago. She was a good, christian woman and a great loss to the community.

People of Columbia who knew Early Vaughan, of Greensburg, were shocked to learn of his death—killed accidentally by the thrust of a knife, intended for another person.

Three splendid Casey county farms are advertised by Hughes & McCarty in today's paper. Read the "ad." There are bargains for persons wanting a farm.

The absent voters law was declared unconstitutional by the Court of Appeals, hence the sending of ballots to friends away from home came to naught.

Mr. Fount Pendleton, a well-known stock dealer, of Greensburg, received a number of cattle here last Thursday. They were bought from 4 to 7 cents.

Mrs. Keltner, who was the widow of T. J. Keltner, died near Portland Monday of last week. She was quite an aged lady, highly respected.

Mr. Brack Cain has bought quite a number of hogs and cattle in the last two weeks. He paid 7 cents for hogs, from 2 to 5 cents for cattle.

Mr. Horace Jeffries is now enclosing his porch with concrete blocks and making other attractive improvements at his residence.

There will be singing at Kellyville church on the 4th Sunday afternoon, conducted by Prof. Joel Darnell. All singers are invited.

Mr. John Burton expects to remove his stock of goods to his new store house, on Campbellsville pike, the last of this month.

Prof. Pepp is coming to Columbia. Do not fail to see him. He will bring sunshine to every heart.

Have your dog and gun ready. The 15th will be the day.

Born, to the wife of Ruff Redman, November 4, 1921, a son.

The Mother Speaks.

BY GERALDINE STOCKVIS.

O little son upon my knees
Thou art my immortality!
And my blood, when I am gone,
In thy warm veins shall still run on.
When you look into my eyes,
With that air of calm surmise,
When your eager lips are pressed
Closely to my offered breast,
Then a Godlike joy I know,
Which Death itself can't overthrow!
But Time, which knows no rest nor pause,
Moves on, nor halts for any cause,
And this, my flesh, which is but clay,
Ere long to dust must fall away.
And of my body there shall be
Nothing save a memory.
Yet in thy flesh, and in thy mind,
Something of me is left behind—
What time the wintry days have
passed,

N. C. Coffey's
Three Casey County Farms

203-75 and 55 Acres

All Live Stock, Farming Implements, Etc.

At Absolute Auction

On The Premises,

Tuesday, November 22, at 10 a. m. Sharp.

Tract No. 1, 203 Acres.

Located on Trace Fork Pike about 2 1/2 miles east of Phil and same distance from Gilpin P. O., in Casey County and known as the I. C. Thomas farm, of this 203 acres about 100 acres in rich bottoms of which 30 acres in corn and balance in meadows and grass. Some good timber on the upland. School right on the farm, close to church and stores, on rural route and in splendid neighborhood. Two wells, one at home and one at barn, best water on the creek, springs, etc. Fencing good. An ideal location and a desirable place to live. A money maker and a dividend producer. Improvements. Dwelling of four rooms, barn 40x50 with concrete foundation, silo 12x18 and 75 ton capacity, crib with shed and small barn attached and all other necessary out-buildings.

Tract No. 2, 75 Acres

Is located at the head of Russell Branch about one mile from Tract No. 1. Good Ridge land. Mostly in timber, No. 1 Beech, etc. Outlet to county road on both sides. Rich coves, well watered by everlasting springs, Etc. This is a good investment proposition.

Tract No. 3, 55 Acres

Located close to the Woolen Mills at Phil, on the south side of the Trace Fork. Splendid ridge land and all in cultivation. Residence of five rooms, good barn and all other necessary outbuildings. Well watered by everlasting springs, good fencing. Good young orchard of splendid variety of fruit. All lays well and a dandy little farm for the man of small means. Look this one over.

Personality. 8 head of 2-year-old cattle 800 lbs, one yearling steer, one pair ten-year-old mules, good ones, one buggy horse, one sow and seven shoats, 12 head of sheep, Fordson Tractor, one grist mill consisting of line shaft, pulleys, crusher, sheller, belting, Etc., all in good shape. All farming tools two cultivators, double shovels, turning plows, Etc. Lot of corn and hay. Antiques, old fashioned clock with wood works, old time cupboard (Cherry) and other things too numerous to mention.

The sale will be held on tract No. 1 of 203 acres.

Just get one fact firmly fixed in your mind and that is this property is going to SELL for whatever it will bring. OUR CONTRACT CALLS FOR AN ABSOLUTE SALE WITHOUT RESERVE BY-BID OR LIMIT. Mr. Coffey is game to the core. YOUR PRICE will be HIS PRICE let the result whatever it may. The last bid on sale day gets a deed to the property. OPPORTUNITY is knocking at your door—ACT.

Remember the day and HOUR TUESDAY NOVEMBER 22ND AT 10 A. M. Join the crowd for they will be there.

We will give away ABSOLUTELY FREE some GOLD for best guesses on property. Dinner on the Ground.

For full particulars see, write or phone either the owner, N. C. Coffey, Middleburg Kentucky, or

Hughes & McCarty, Stanford, Ky.,
Col. J. B. Dinwiddie, on the Block.

And lovely Spring hath come at last,
My heart in your heart will rejoice;
And you will laugh with merry voice;
Then you will sigh, remembering:
"My dead Mother loved the Spring!"
And when your children come to be,
And they sit upon your knee,
And look at you with calm surmise—
I shall look at you through their eyes
O little son upon my knee,
Thou art my immortality!

Hogwallow News.

The Deputy Constable today was seen taking the measurements of Sile Kildew's tracks in the mud across the road. So far as is known Sile has not done a thing to be arrested for but the Deputy says it won't hurt to have the tracks on file if anything should happen.

The Wild Onion school teacher looked through the dictionary today and to his surprise found several words spelled the other way.

Miss Flutie Belcher was seen to sigh and look wistful at the postoffice this morning. Must be expecting a letter.

The Tickville train came in several minutes ahead of time Wednesday morning, it having run into a yellow jackets' nest while passing through the Calf Ribs neighborhood.

Jeff Potlocks has found out how to keep interest in a western novel, and that is to skip the most interesting chapters, then you can't tell how it is going to end.

Raz Barlow, who recently grew



THIS is a better roof coating made of preservative oils, genuine asphalt and real asbestos rock fibre. It penetrates old dried-out roofs, resaturates the old felts, fills all pores and softens dry scales.

The asbestos fibre cannot rot, burn or evaporate. It acts like hair in plaster.

Fibre Coating is equally effective on old wood, metal, or composition roofs. Apply it with a brush, just as it comes from the can or barrel.

Adds years of life to any roof at very small cost.

DAVIS HARDWARE CO.,
Columbia, Kentucky.

suspicious of the cashier of the Tickville bank after seeing him with a new neck tie on and drew his \$5.00 out of the bank, has put it back.

October is the only month of the year which shows a heat deficiency as compared with previous years.

A Splendid Offer.

Here is a proposition we make to

readers who want a c/ty paper, but do not want a daily:

We will furnish the Adair County News and the St. Louis Twice-a-week Globe Democrat for \$1.90 per year, in Kentucky. To subscribers living in other States \$2.40.

The Twice-a-week Globe Democrat is one of the best and newest papers published in this country. We do not know how long this proposition will hold good, therefore, if you want the papers call or send in your subscription at once.

PERSONAL

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Sharp, of Louisville, arrived last Saturday. The former went to Jamestown to vote, and the latter remained here with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Winfrey.

Mr. J. O. Russell's condition remains the same as was reported last week. His physical condition is very good.

Mr. A. D. Patteson came home Saturday and returned to his business Wednesday.

Mrs. F. A. Rosenbaum and daughter, Miss Mabel and Mrs. Blair, mother of Mrs. Rosenbaum spent a few days of last week in Louisville.

Mrs. F. H. Durham has been sick for several days.

Mr. L. O. Tayler, who is employed at Frankfort, came in Saturday night and remained until after the election.

Chief Justice Rollin Hurt was at home from Saturday night until Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. O. C. Kimbier of Sewellton, was with friends here last Sunday.

Mr. N. B. Miller is here on his annual visit. At present he is located in Buffalo, New York, and on his visits it is a pleasure for the Adair county people to give him the glad hand.

Mr. Jas. Fesse, who has been at Berea, Ky., for some months, is now with relatives and friends here.

Mrs. John Lee Walker and her son, John Ritchey, have returned from Burkesville.

Mr. Curt Bell, of Red Lick, was in Columbia Monday.

Prof. Edgar Royse and Miss Thomasine Garnett, who are teaching at Boston, Ky., came home in time to vote.

Mr. T. W. Buchanan and Mr. R. J. Lyon, of the Buchanan Lyon Company, were mixing with friends here Monday.

Misses Katie Murrell, Lucile Butchong, Frances Strange, Ethel Garnett Doris Wilson witnessed the basketball game at Jamestown last Friday.

Mr. H. B. Ingram has been in rather a feeble condition for the past week, though he is walking about town.

Miss May Harvey, who makes her home in New York and Louisville, is in Columbia to spend a few weeks with relatives and friends.

Messrs. Ray Conover and Horace Massie were here, from Campbellsville, Monday.

Miss Sue Baker, states on a card, that she is having a delightful time with her brothers and sisters in Texas.

Mrs. W. A. Coffey, who has been on an extended visit to relatives in Ashley, Ill., and Evansville, Ind., returned home Monday night.

Mrs. R. H. Price is visiting relatives in Parksville and Somerset.

Mr. T. O. Patteson, who is employed at Louisville, came home to cast his suffrage.

Miss Margaret Patteson recently spent a very delightful week in Louisville.

Mrs. G. W. Dillon, who returned from St. Anthony Hospital recently, is gaining strength rapidly and will soon be well. Not only her friends at Breeding, where she resides, but all over the county, will be glad to learn of her ultimate recovery.

Mr. P. H. Harris, of Louisville, made a business trip to Columbia a few days ago.

Mr. Charles C. Fisher, Glasgow, traveling salesman, called to see our local merchants one day last week.

Mr. C. C. King, of Louisville, was here a few days ago.

Mr. G. W. York, Cincinnati, made a business trip to Columbia last Wednesday.

Mr. G. A. Bradshaw, Montpelier, was mingling with friends here last Wednesday.

Dr. B. J. Bolin, who is again permanently located at Glenville, was in town a few days ago.

Mr. R. C. Borders, Campbellsville, called to see the merchants of this place a few days ago.

Mr. R. C. Peterson, Louisville, was in town last Thursday.

Mr. R. C. Bagby, a wholesale drug

gist of Louisville, who has been selling drugs throughout this country for forty years, was here a few days ago in company with his son and wife.

Mr. N. H. Willis, of Taylorsville, spent a day or two in Columbia last week.

Mr. Sam Nat and Mr. Geo Hancock write their father, Judge Junius Hancock, that they are doing a good business in New Mexico.

Mrs. E. S. Crume, of Elizabethtown, who spent four weeks with her daughter, Mrs. Daisy Hamlett, left for home last Friday morning.

Mrs. Fena Eubank returned from Creelsboro last Thursday afternoon. She was accompanied by Dr. Frank Jackman, who lives at Meade, Okla., and who was en route for his home, via Mammoth Cave. The latter was accompanied to the Cave by Mr. Owsley Jackman.

Misses Eva Walker, Allene Montgomery and Mr. Edwin Hutchinson motored to Danville and witnessed a football game Saturday. They returned Monday.

Mrs. Sallie D. White, of Franklin, Ind., is visiting relatives in Adair county. At present she is at the home of Mr. L. G. Weatherford.

Mr. V. B. Morgan, Cincinnati, was at the Jeffries Hotel last Thursday.

Messrs. R. T. Parrott and John Bottoms, Campbellsville, were here a few days ago.

Mr. J. W. Gilmore, Richmond, called to see Columbia merchants last Thursday.

Mr. E. H. Black, Franklin, Ky., was here a few days ago.

Mr. W. E. Harris made a business trip to Louisville and Indianapolis last week.

Dr. W. F. Cartwright made a business trip to Louisville last week.

Mrs. J. P. Dohoney remains about in the same condition as was last reported. Her sister, Miss Sallie Conover, has been quite sick for several days.

Mr. Horace Cundiff, who is a Railway mail clerk, located at Cincinnati, came home to remain until after the election.

Mr. John B. Watson returned from the Louisville market a few days since.

Mr. Edward Hamlett spent the week end in Danville with friends and attended the State Centre football game.

Mr. C. B. Keltner, of Ada, Okla., is visiting relatives and friends in the county. Mr. Keltner is a native of Adair, and at present he and his two brothers, John and A. T. Keltner are running a whole sale grocery house in Ada.

Messrs. J. C. Strange, Gordon Cheatham, Ernest Harris and Alvin Lewis went to Danville and witnessed the game between State and Centre.

Mr. Robert Chewing and wife of Romine, visited at the home of Mr. B. F. Chewing last Sunday.

Mr. B. F. Chewing will leave the latter part of this week for Hopkinsville. He goes as a delegate to the Southern Baptist General Association. His son, Mr. A. S. Chewing lives near Hopkinsville. He expects to remain several weeks.

WEAK BLOOD IS A REAL BARRIER

Growing Children Often Need Gude's Pepto-Mangan.

Some children grow too quickly—they sap their strength. They lapse into careless, desultory habits, or develop a shrinking attitude. Their faces look pinched.

The blood becomes overtaxed by too rapid growth; and poisons from the system take the place of strengthgiving red corpuscles in the blood. Red corpuscles are those little red particles that swim in blood and give it its color. Gradually that child loses interest in its play.

Poor blood needs the building that the iron in Gude's Pepto-Mangan gives to weakened blood. Gude's Pepto-Mangan enriches the blood by increasing the number of red corpuscles, and restores the blood by driving out

the poisons. When the revived blood gets to work, the appetite gets to work, the appetite becomes what a growing child's should be. Your druggist has Gude's Pepto-Mangan in liquid or tablet form. The name "Gude's Pepto-Mangan" is on every package—Advertisement.

You Never Can Tell.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

You never can tell when you send a word,
Like an arrow shot from a bow
By an archer blind, be it cruel or kind,
Just where it may chance to go.
It may pierce the breast of your dearest friend,
Tipped with its poison or balm,
To a stranger's heart in life's great mart,
It may carry its pain or its calm.
You can never tell when you do an act,
Just what the result will be;
But with every deed you are sowing a seed,
Though the harvest you may not see.
Each kindly act is an acorn dropped in God's productive soil.
You may not know, but the tree shall grow,
With shelter for those who toil.
You can never tell what your thoughts will do,
In bringing you hate or love;
For thoughts are things, and their airy wings
Are swifter than carrier doves.
They follow the law of the universe—
Each thing must create its kind,
And they speed o'er the track to bring you back
Whatever went out from your mind.

For Sale.

An 6 room house with a two acre lot. This is a desirable piece of property and just outside the town limits. Also 45 acre tract of land 1 1/2 miles of town, in Graded School district. 5 room house, good barn and all under wire fence. Prices right for a quick sale.
L. H. Jones.

Adair County News, \$1.50 per year

Res. Phone 13-B, Business Phone 13-A

Dr. J. N. Murrell

—DENTIST—

Office, Front Rooms Jeffries Bldg.

UP STAIRS.

COLUMBIA, KY



Southern Optical Company

Incorporated

Spectacles and Eye Glasses

Kryptok

(invisible bifocal lens)

Artificial Eyes

FOURTH and CHESTNUT,
Louisville, Ky.

Notice to Lessors.

Payment of rental was tendered to John S. Stone and Maud Stone, Desda, Clinton county, Kentucky, covering 36 acres of oil and gas land in Clinton county. Same returned with advice parties unknown. We have been unable to locate lessors.

Edmond B. Bronson,

111 Broadway,
New York City.

The News \$1.50 in Kentucky.

The Master Product of a Master Mind

All the vast inventive faculties of Thomas A. Edison are behind the

NEW DIAMOND AMBEROLA

—the perfected phonograph made under the personal supervision of the great inventor in his laboratories at Orange, N. J.

Mr. Edison set himself to produce the world's greatest phonograph value—a phonograph which would be perfect in realism, and which could at the same time be sold at the lowest possible price. Today, thousands of Amberolas in homes all over the world attest his success.

The Amberola so far surpasses ordinary "talking machines" that there can be no comparison between them. Its music is totally free from the rasping, mechanical shrillness characteristic of the ordinary higher-priced "talking machines;" instead, it possesses the true mellow sweetness of good music.

Three Days of Good Music—FREE

Come in today, and hear the Amberola. Ask us about our convenient payment plan—and learn about Mr. Edison's offer to send the Amberola to your home for a three day trial—free. Write or phone today, if you can't come in person.

Herbert Taylor

COLUMBIA, KY.

Ford
THE UNIVERSAL CAR

One-Ton Truck Chassis \$445
F. O. B. Detroit
With Pneumatic Tires and Demountable Rims

The One-Ton Truck

The Ford One-Ton Truck first made its appeal to the farmer and the merchant because of the merits of Ford Cars. And it made its wonderful reputation and great sales record because it lived up to every claim made for it.

The reliable Ford Motor, the special Ford steel chassis, the aluminum bronze worth-drive, all combine to produce a truck of unusual power, capacity and strength—a truck that lasts in service; a truck that solves the haulage problem at a very small operating and upkeep expense. Hence the demand for the Ford One-Ton Truck is constantly on the increase.

For the good of your business, whether it be farming, merchandising or manufacturing, you should come in and look over the Ford One-Ton Truck—NOW!

IMPORTANT

We are prepared to furnish the Ford Truck equipped either with Standard or Special Gearing. The Standard Gearing gives the truck a maximum of power. The Special Gearing increases the speed of the truck from five to seven miles an hour, converting it into a Fast Delivery Car.

THE BUCHANAN-LYON CO

INCORPORATED
Columbia, - Kentucky.

Patronize Home Industry

BY

Buying your Gasoline at Home, where it is Produced, Refined and Sold by a Company who spend Their Money in Developing your County.

Give it a trial and Buy CUMBERLAND KING GASOLINE, also try their KEROSENE. Sold by their Agents at Columbia, Russell Springs, Dunnville and other points.

Write of Phone

The Carnahan Oil Refining Co.

C. J. Davis, Mgr.

Creelsboro, Kentucky.

Ball Band Rubber Foot Wear

I Have a Full Stock of Boots, Rubber Shoes, High and Low Top Shoes and Light Weight Rubbers. Prices Right.

L. M. SMITH
Cane Valley, Kentucky.

Lindsey - Wilson Training School

Prepares for College of Life

Courses in High School, Gr-ds,

Music and Expression, Athletics.

Rates \$162.00 a Year.

Fall Term Opens Sept. 6, 1921.

R. V. Bennet, Prin. - Columbia, Ky.

Advertise in The News if you wish to sell or buy.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3

"Not right now, anyway. I gave out the last shell there was in the magazine."

"Darned funny," said Deming, "a sealer shy on cartridges! Lucky we ain't worryin' about that sort of a cargo."

"Probably plenty aboard somewhere," said Carlsen, "but I don't know where they are. You boys have got me beaten on rifles and shotguns," he went on, producing from his hip pocket a flat, effective-looking automatic pistol of heavy caliber. "How are you on small arms?"

The hunters shook their heads dubiously.

"Never use 'em," said Deming. "Never could do much with that kind, anyhow. Give me a revolver, an' I might make out to hit a whale, if he was close enough, but not with one of them."

"Not much difference," said Carlsen. "Any of you got revolvers?"

No one spoke. It was against the unwritten laws of a vessel for pistols to be owned forward of the main cabin. Beale finally answered for the first.

"Nary a pistol, sir."

"Then," said Carlsen, "I'll give you an exhibition myself. Any bottles for Beale, will you toss them for me?"

There were eight shots in the automatic, and Carlsen smashed seven bottles in midair. The hunters shouted their appreciation.

"Break all of 'em?" Lund asked Rainey. "Enny bottles left at all?"

He walked toward the taffrail, addressing Carlsen.

"Can you shoot by sound as well as by sight, Doc?" he challenged.

"I fancy not," said Carlsen.

"If I had my eyes I'd snapshot ye for a hundred bucks," said Lund. "As it is, I might target one or two. Rainey, have some one run a line, head-high, an' fix a bottle on it, will ye?"

"I ain't got a gun o' my own, Doc," he continued, "will you lend me yours?"

Carlsen filled his clip and Lund turned toward Rainey, who was rigging the target.

"I'll want you to tap it with a stick," he said. "Signal-flag staff'll do fine."

Rainey got the slender bamboo and stood by. Lund felt for the cord, passed his fingers over the suspended bottle and stepped off five paces, hefting the automatic to judge its balance.

Rainey tapped the bottle on the neck and it gave out a little tinkle, lost immediately in the crash of splintering glass as the bottle, hit fairly in the top label, broke in half.

"How much left?" asked Lund.

"Eight? Tetch it up."

Again he fired and again the bullet found the mark, leaving only the neck of the bottle still hanging. Lund grinned.

"That's all," he said. "Jest wanted to show ye what a blind man can do, if he's put to it."

There was little applause. Carlsen took his gun in silence and moved forward with the hunters and the on-lookers, disappearing below.

"Given 'em something to talk about," chuckled Lund. "Carlsen wanted to show off his fancy snootin'."

Well, I've shown 'em I ain't entirely wrecked, if I ain't carryin' lights. An' I stepped more'n one over on Carlsen at that."

Rainey did not catch his entire meaning and said nothing.

"Did you get wise to the play about the shells?" asked Lund. "A smart trick, though Deming almost tumbled, Carlsen got those dumb fools of hunters to fire away every shell they happened to have forward. If the magazine's empty, I'll bet Carlsen knows where they're plenty more shells, if we ever needed 'em bad. But now those rifles an' shotguns ain't no more use than so many clubs—not to the hunters. An' he's found out they ain't got any pistols. He's got one, an' shows 'em how straight he shoots, jest in case there should be any trouble between 'em. Plays both ends to the middle, does Carlsen. Slick! But he ain't won the pot. They's a joker in this game. Mebbe he holds it, mebbe not."

He nodded mysteriously, well pleased with himself.

CHAPTER IV.

The Bowhead.

Captain Simms appeared again in the cabin and on deck, but he was not the same man. His illness seemed to have robbed him permanently of what was left him of the spring of manhood. It was as if his juices had been sucked from his veins and arteries and tissues, leaving him flabby, irresolute, compared to his former self. Even as Lund shadowed Rainey, so Simms shadowed Carlsen.

Sometimes the girl would come up on deck in her own waterproofs and stand against the rail. And presently Carlsen would come from below or forward and stand to talk with her until she was tired of the deck.

They did not seem much like lovers. Rainey fancied. They lacked the little intimacies that he, though he made himself somewhat of an automaton at the wheel, could not have failed to see. If the girl slipped, Carlsen's hand would catch and steady her by the arm; never go about her waist. And there was no especial look of welcome in her face when the doctor came to her.

Carlsen seldom took over the wheel. Rainey did more than his share from sheer love of feeling the control. But one day, at a word from the girl, Carlsen and she came up to Rainey as he handled the spokes.

"I'll take the wheel a while, Rainey," said the doctor.

Rainey gave it up and went amidships. Out of the tail of his eye he could see that the girl was pleading to handle the ship, and that Carlsen was going to let her do so.

Rainey shrugged his shoulders. It was Carlsen's risk. It was no child's play in that weather to steer properly. It took not only strength, but watchfulness and experience to hold the course in the welter of cross-seas.

Lund and Rainey stood together by the weather-rail. It was still Rainey's deck watch, and at any moment Carlsen might relinquish the wheel back to him as soon as the girl got tired. Suddenly shouts sounded from forward, a medley of them, indistinct against the quivering wind. Sandy, the roustabout, came dashing aft along the sloping deck, catching clumsily at rail and rope to steady himself, flushed with excitement, almost hysterical with his news.

"A bowhead, sir!" he cried when he saw Rainey. "And killers after him! Blowin' dead ahead!"

Beyond the bows Rainey could see nothing of the whale, that must have sounded in fear of the killers, but he saw half a dozen scythe-like, black fins cutting the water in streaks of foam, all abreast, their high dorsals waving, wolves of the sea, hunting for the gray bowhead whale, to force its mouth open and feast on the delicacy of its living tongue. So Lund told him in swift sentences while they waited for the whale to broach.

Rainey glanced aft. Sandy had carried his warning to Carlsen and the girl, and now was craning over the lee rail, kneedeep in the wash, trying to see something of the combat. Peggy Simms' little figure was leaning to one side as she, too, gazed ahead, though she still paid attention to her steering and held the schooner well up, her face bright with excitement, wet with flying brine, wisps of yellow hair streaming free in the wind from beneath the close grip of her woolen red tam-o'-shanter.

"Bl-o-ows!" started the deep voice of a lookout, from where sailors and hunters had grouped in the bows to witness this gladiatorial combat between sea monsters, staged fittingly in a sea that was running wild.

"Bl-o-ows!" The deep voice almost leaped an octave in a sudden shrill of apprehension. Others voices mingled with his in a clamor of dismay.

"Look out! Oh, look out! Dead ahead!"

The enormous bulk of the whale had appeared, not to spout, but to lie belly up, rocking on the surface with fins outspread, paralyzed with terror, directly in the course of the Karluk, while toward it, intent only on their blood lust, leaped the killers, thrusting at its head as the schooner surged down. In that tremendous sea the impact would be certain to mean the staying in of something forward, perhaps the springing of a butt.

"Hard a lee!" yelled Rainey. "Up with her! Up!"

Forward, the men jumped to handle the headsails. The Karluk started to spin about on its keel, instinct to the changing plane of the rudder. But the waves were running tremendously high, and the wind blowing with great force, the water rolling in great mountains of sickly greenish gray, topped with foam that blew in a level sand.

As the schooner hung in a deep trough, the wind struck at her, bows on.

Rainey saw one huge billow rising, curving, high as the gaff of the main, it seemed to him, as he grasped at the coil of the main halyards. Down came the tons of water, booming on the deck that bent under the blow, spilling in a great cataract that swashed across the deck.

His feet were swept from under him, for a moment he seemed to swing horizontal in the stream, clutching at the halyards. The sea struck the opposite rail with a roar that threatened to tear it away, piling up and then seething overboard.

With it went a figure. Rainey caught sight of a ghastly face, a mouth that shouted vainly for help in the pandemonium, and was instantly stopped with strangling brine, pop-eyes appealing in awful fright as Sandy was washed away in the cascade. The halyards were held on the



The Sea Struck the Opposite Rail With a Roar.

ened to tear it away, piling up and then seething overboard.

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CONTINUED ON PAGE 7

Curing the Jailbirds.

Up in Ohio they have gone back to the chaingang system of working jail prisoners to make them pay for their keep and to earn the amount of their fines.

Heretofore, for a number of years, the prisoners sentenced to jail have spent the time mostly in idleness, with the result taxpayers have protested against the keeping of such prisoners in jail at the expense of the county with no return from them in the way of labor.

Portage county, Ohio, solved the problem. It had several prisoners in the county jail serving fines of \$100 to \$3,000 for violation of the prohibition laws. This class of fellows did not care how long they remained in jail but when they learned they were to be put to work on the county roads it became a white horse of another color.

Now prisoners in the Portage county jail are taken out at 7:30 in the morning and work on the roads until 5 o'clock in the afternoon. In order that there may be no unnecessary expense for guards the "chaingang" system is used. For each day they work each man is credited with \$1.50 on his fine, so that the one with the highest fine will get out in five years, if he continues to work.

Prisoners in all jails ought to be compelled to work at hard labor. If this plan could be followed everywhere there would be fewer prisoners in jail on account of prohibition law violations. For while it is true that many are tempted into the illicit liquor trade by the large profits, it is equally true that most of the men engaged in the business are engaged in it to avoid honest and honorable work, for which they have no taste and no inclination. Good old honest work will cure the worst of these and when these men see that this is true there will be fewer to risk that kind of a jail sentence by breaking the prohibition or any other law.—Stanford Journal.

Dismiss Blues.

BY DR. R. H. BISHOP.

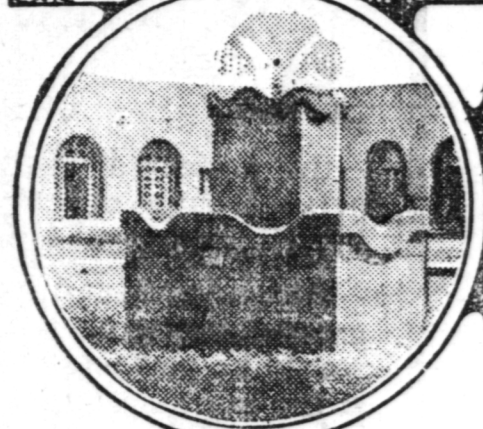
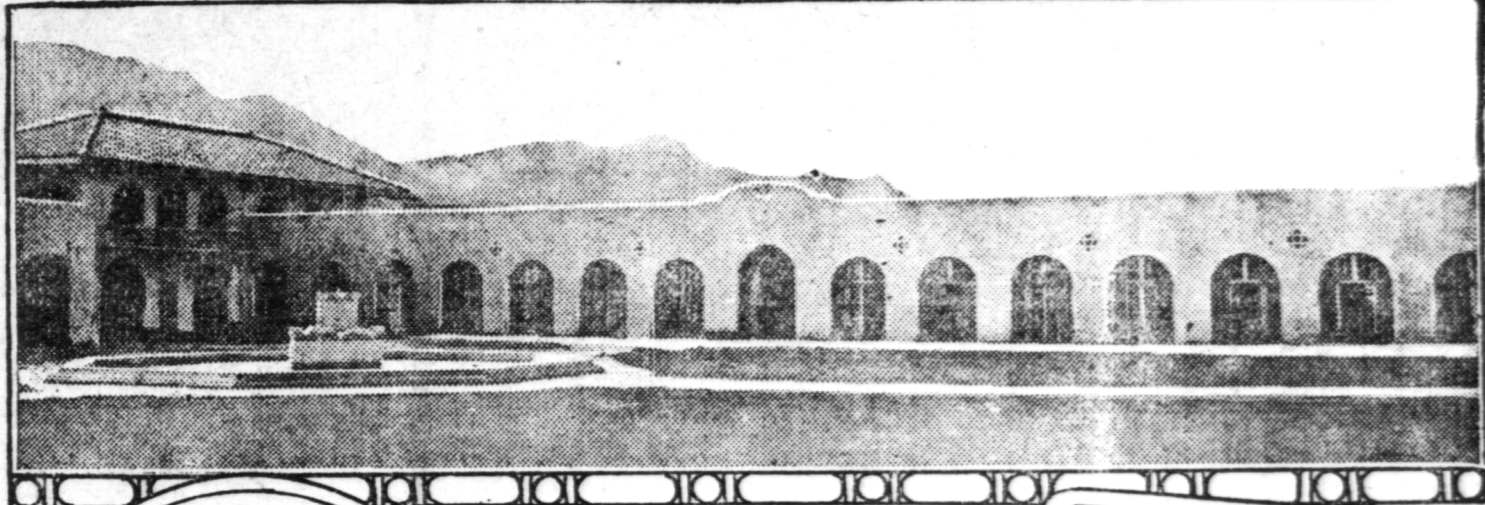
Not all worry is preventable, yet much of it, as well as its ill effects, can be avoided. Worry usually is brought about by the fact that the normal protective instinct is stimulated by a normal fear of events that are reasonably sure to happen in the future, unless means are adopted against them.

Most of our fears, however are never realized. If we meet our troubles day by day as they come without worrying about them beforehand, we find that we have the strength to overcome them.

Worrying weakens the mental forces. The best antidote is a change of mental occupation. Get away from the scenes which provoke worry, exercise in the open air, read one or several good books of a lighter strain, find pleasant recreation or an absorbing "hobby". A temporary change of occupation where possibly often brings considerable relief from worry.

Worry and "nerves" and "the blues" are all about the same type. "Nerves" and "blues" often arise from excessive worry and great mental strain. When a person worries the whole system is poisoned, with the result

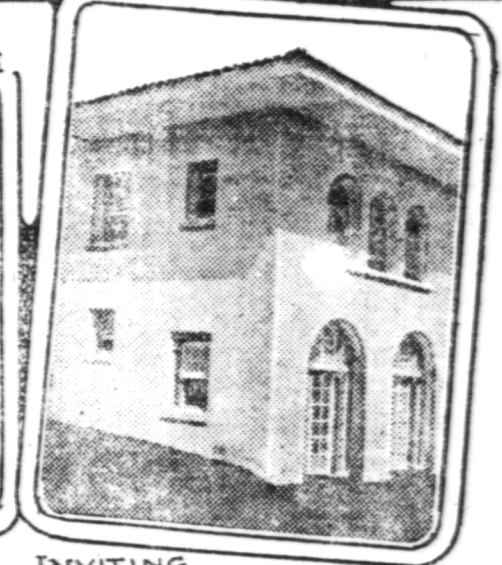
Southern Baptists Wage Vigorous Warfare Against Tuberculosis In This Section



FOUNTAIN PLAYS IN CENTER OF COURT BETWEEN TWO INFIRMARIES



RECREATION PATIO BETWEEN MEN'S AND WOMEN'S BLDG.



INVITING CORNER OF MEN'S INFIRMARY



ENTRANCE TO ADMINISTRATION BUILDING

In one of the most extensive fights that has ever been made by any religious body in America for the eradication of disease, Southern Baptists, through their Home Mission Board, have undertaken the task of combating tuberculosis in the 18 states comprising the territory of the Southern Baptist Convention. The first step in this direction was the recent establishment on a tract of 143 acres at El Paso, Texas, of the Southern Baptist Sanatorium, where \$500,000 from the 75 Million Campaign has been invested and where \$500,000 more will be placed by the end of the Campaign period. The institution is located at an altitude of 4,500 feet on the side of Mt. Franklin and commands an excellent view of the mountains of New Mexico, Western Texas and Old Mexico, whose border is only six miles distant. Dr. H. F. Vermillion is superintendent.

Included in this plant at present are the administration building, the newly completed women's infirmary and men's infirmary, a heating and refrigerating plant and the superintendent's quarters. Provided for in the building plans for the future are a medical and educational building, nurses' home, children's building, dormitories for convalescent patients, an occupational and vocational therapy building, chapel, laundry and minor structures.

150 People Die Daily.

Indicating the need of additional effort looking to the elimination of tuberculosis in the South, reliable figures gathered by the public health agencies of the South and the Nation show that there are 150 deaths daily from tuberculosis in the 18 states comprising the territory of the Southern Baptist Convention, making the annual death toll of the white plague in this section of the country alone

57,732. The death rate from tuberculosis is 14.2% higher in the South than in the Nation as a whole. One reason for the exceedingly high death rate in the South is the great prevalence of the plague among the negroes who are especially susceptible to tuberculosis, the death rate among them being three and one-half times that among the whites. But inasmuch as the negroes will doubtless continue to be intimately associated with the whites in domestic and other work in the future, the whites will never be safe from infection until the negroes, as well as the whites, have been freed from the plague.

It has been estimated that the total economic loss from the ravages of tuberculosis in the South is \$175,000,000 a year, and in projecting their warfare against the plague the Baptists hope to greatly reduce this loss, as well as to save the life and promote the health and general efficiency of the whole people.

Would Educate the People. In addition to providing treatment for persons who have already con-

tracted tuberculosis, the sanatorium is carrying on an educational work that seeks to inform the public at large through the printed page, as to the danger of tuberculosis, how it can be avoided and how, once it is contracted, its progress can be arrested through proper sanitary measures at home. Other phases of the educational program include the training of workers inside the sanatorium and occupational and vocational work for patients. The extension department is widely disseminating literature on how to combat tuberculosis. An endowment fund that is being created for the institution will make possible a much larger circulation of literature and will also enable the institution to take care of indigent patients.

The sanatorium is at present seeking to devise special plans whereby it can serve the negroes of the South in combating tuberculosis. It is felt that the negroes' inability to help themselves in the matter entitles them to this consideration and that this assistance should be given, furthermore, as a means of self-protection on the part of the whites.

Other Phases of Baptist Work.

In addition to the Tuberculosis Sanatorium, Southern Baptists have a string of seventeen regular hospitals in operation and seven others under course of construction. This hospital property is valued at approximately \$7,000,000 and these institutions last year treated 46,000 patients many of them being charity cases. Southern Baptists also operate 19 orphanages in which approximately 5,000 orphan boys and girls are cared for, educated and trained for Christian citizenship.

IS YOUR HEALTH GRADUALLY SLIPPING?

Interesting Experience of a Texas Lady Who Declares That if More Women Knew About Cardui They Would Be Spared Much Sickness and Worry.

Navasota, Texas.—Mrs. W. M. Peden, of this place, relates the following interesting account of how she recovered her strength, having realized that she was actually losing her health:

"Health is the greatest thing in the world, and when you feel that gradually slipping away from you, you certainly sit up and take notice. That is what I did some time ago when I found myself in a very nervous, run-down condition of health. I was so tired and felt so lifeless I could hardly go at all."

"I was just no account for work. I would get a bucket of water and would feel so weak I would have to set it down before I felt like I could lift it to the shelf. In this condition, of course, to do even my housework was a task almost impossible to accomplish."

"I was . . . nervous and easily upset."

I couldn't rest well at night and was . . . just lifeless.

"I heard of Cardui and after reading I decided I had some female trouble that was pulling me down. I sent for Cardui and began it . . ."

"In a very short while after I began the Cardui Home Treatment I saw an improvement and it wasn't long until I was all right—good appetite, splendid rest, and much stronger so that I easily did my house work."

"Later I took a bottle of Cardui as a tonic. I can recommend Cardui and gladly do so, for if more women knew, it would save a great deal of worry and sickness."

The enthusiastic praise of thousands of other women who have found Cardui helpful should convince you that it is worth trying. All druggists sell it.

If Ulster support can be secured a permanent peace between England and Ireland is assured.

The local campaign for Men's Bible classes in Louisville showed an attendance Sunday of 5,441.

Carter and Gallatin counties went over the top last week in the tobacco campaign.

H. C. Duffy, of Harrison, announces that he will be a candidate for Speaker of the House at Frankfort.

A Man To His Mate

by J. Allen Dunn

Illustrations by Irwin Myers



A Tale of the Sea Which Will Lift You Above the Humdrum Affairs of Life

You will come to know and admire big Jim Lund, primitive man, mighty sailor—living adventure and facing danger for the pure joy of action. So realistic is the cruise of the schooner Karluk, that you will imagine yourself a passenger on board. You will be fascinated by the crafty Carlsen; make friends quickly with the newspaper reporter, and keep an eye on the mysterious, soft-footed Jap.

You will sit in at some wonderful games in which the stakes are invisible shares in a gold-seeking enterprise. You will want to dodge the skipper and keep your wits about you when you mix with the crew—and above all you will want to know that one girl in the ship's company.

Watch for It, Regular Readers; Others Subscribe Now and Follow This Remarkable Serial in This Publication

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

pin with a turn and twist that Rainey swiftly loosened, lifting the coil free, making a fast loop, and thrusting head and arms through it as he flung himself after the roustabout.

A great bulk wallowed just before him, the helpless body of the bowhead whale, the killers darting in a mad melee for its head. Then a figure was literally hurled upon the slippery mass of the mammal, its gray belly plain in the welter, a living raft against which the waves broke and tossed their spray.

Clawing frantically, Sandy clung at the base of the enormous pectoral fin, clinging with maniacal strength, mad with fear. Striking out to little purpose, save to help buoy himself, blinded by the flying scud and broken crests, Rainey felt himself upreared, swept impetuously on and slammed against the slimy hulk, just close enough to Sandy to grasp him by the collar, as the whale, stung by a killer's tearing at its oily tongue, flailed with its fin and the two of them slid down its body, deep under water.

Rainey fought against the suffocation and the fierce desire to gasp and relieve his tortured lungs. The lad's weight seemed to be carrying him down as if he was a thing of lead, but Rainey would not relax his grip. He could not. He had centered all his energy upon the desire to save Sandy, and his nerve centers were still tense to that last conscious demand.

The Karluk was into the wind and they were in what little lee there was, dragging aft at the end of the hal-yards, being fetched in toward the rail by the mighty tugs of Lund, a well-sight to Rainey's smarting eyes as he caught sight of the giant, with red hair uncovered, his beard whipping in the wind, his black glasses still in place, making some sort of a blessed monster out of him.

Rainey had his left fist welded to the line, his right was set in Sandy's collar, and Sandy's death clutch had twined itself into Rainey's oilskins, though the lad was limp, and his face, seen through the watery film that streamed over it, set and white.

A dozen arms shot down to grasp him. He felt the iron grip of Lund upon his left forearm, almost wrenching his arm from its socket as he was inhaled, caught at by body and legs and deposited on the deck of the schooner, that almost instantly commenced to go about upon its former course.

Lund bent over him, asking him with a note that Rainey, for all his exhaustion, interpreted as one of real anxiety:

"How is it with you, matey? Did ye git lunged up?"

Rainey managed to shake his head and, with Lund's boughlike arm for support, got to his feet, winded, shaken, aching from his pounding and the crash against the whale.

Sandy was lying face down, one hunter kneeling across him, kneading his ribs to belloy action, lifting his upper body in time to the pressure, while another worked his slack arms up and down.

"That was splendid, Mr. Rainey! Wonderful! It was brave of you!"

Peggy Simms stood before Rainey, clinging to the mainstays, a different girl to the one that he had known. Her red lips were apart, showing the clean shine of her teeth, above her glowing cheeks her gray eyes sparkled with friendly admiration, one slender wet hand was held out eagerly toward him.

"Why," said Rainey, in that embarrassment that comes when one knows he has done well, yet instinctively seeks to disclaim honors, "any one

carry to Carlsen. "He said it wasn't worth while."

Her eyes flashed and then she made a visible effort to control herself. "But it was very brave of you, and I want to ask your pardon," she concluded, with the crimson of her cheeks flooding all her face before she turned away, and made abruptly for the companion.

A little bewildered, the touch of her slim but strong fingers still sensible to his own, Rainey went to the wheel. "Shall I take it over, Mr. Carlsen?" he asked. "It's my watch."

Carlsen surveyed him coolly. Either he pretended not to have heard the girl's innuendo or it failed to get under his skin.

"You'd better get into some dry togs, Rainey," he said. "And I'll prescribe a stiff jorum or grog-hot. Take your time about it." Rainey, conscious of a wretched feeling in his side, a growing nausea and weakness, thanked him and took the advice. Half an hour later, save for a general soreness, he felt too vigorous to stay below, and went on deck again. Sandy had been taken forward. Lund had disappeared, but he found the giant in the triangular forecabin by Sandy's bunk.

"That you, Rainey?" Lund asked as he heard the other's tread. Then he dropped his voice to a whisper:

"The lad's grateful. Make the most of it. If he wants to spill ennything, git all of it. Best day's work you've done in a long while, matey. Pump that Sandy. Pump him dry. He'll know almost as much as Tamada, an' he'll come through with it easier."

"Just what are you afraid of?" asked Rainey.

"Son," said Lund, simply, "I'm afraid of nothing. But they're primed for somethin', under Carlsen. We'll be makin' Unalaska tomorrow or the next day. Here's hopin' it's the next. An' we've got to know what to expect. Here's somethin' for you to chew on: Inside of forty-eight hours there's goin' to be an upset aboard this hooker an' it's up to me an' you to see we come out on top. If not—"

He spread out his arms with the great, gorilla-like hands at the end of them, in a gesture that supplanted words. Beyond any doubt Lund expected trouble. And Rainey, for the first time, began to sense it as something approaching, sinister, almost tangible.

As he crossed the main cabin to go to his own room, Carlsen came out of the skipper's. He did not see Rainey at first and was humming a little air under his breath as he slipped a small article into his pocket. His face held a sneer. Then he saw Rainey, and it changed to a mask that revealed nothing. His tune stopped.

"I hear the captain's sick again," said Rainey. "Not serious, I hope."

Carlsen stood there gazing at him with his look of a sphinx, his eyes half-closed, the scoffing light showing faintly.

"Serious? I'm afraid it is serious this time, Rainey. Yes," he ended slowly. "I am inclined to think it is really serious." He turned away and rapped at the door of the girl's stateroom. In answer to a low reply he turned the handle and went in, leaving Rainey alone.

CHAPTER V.

Sandy Speaks.

The next morning Rainey, going on deck to relieve Hansen at eight bells,

in the commencement of the forenoon watch, found Lund in the bows as he walked forward, waiting for the bell to be struck. Lightly as he trod, the giant heard him and instantly recognized him. "Seen Sandy yet?"

"I haven't had a chance. I imagined it would be the best not to be seen talking to him."

"Right. Matey, things are comin' to a head. There's ice in the air. I can smell it. Feel the difference in temperature? Ice, all right. An' that means two things. We're nigh one of the Aleutians, an' Bering strait is full of ice. Early, a bit, but there's nothin' reg'lar 'bout the way ice forms. I've got a strong hunch somethin' 'll break before we make the strait."

"There's one thing in our favor. Yore savin' Sandy has set you solid with the hunters. They won't be so keen to maroon you. An' they'll think twice about puttin' me ashore blind. I used to git along fine with the hunters. All said an' done, they're men at bottom. Got their hearts gold-plated right now. But—"

He seemed obsessed with the idea that the crew, with Carlsen as prime instigator, had determined to leave them stranded on some volcanic, lonely barren islet. Rainey wondered what actual foundations he had for that theory.

He found no chance to talk with Sandy. He noticed the boy looking at him once or twice, wistfully, he thought, and yet furtively. Carlsen did not appear during the morning, neither did the hunters. Nor the girl.

At noon Carlsen came up to take his observation. He said nothing to Rainey, but the latter noticed the doctor's face seemed more sardonic than usual as he tucked his sextant under his arm.

With Hansen on deck they all assembled at the table with the exception of the captain. Tamada served perfectly and silently. The doctor conversed with the girl in a low voice. Once or twice she smiled across the table at Rainey in friendly fashion. "Skipper enny better?" asked Lund, at the end of the meal.

Carlsen ignored him, but the girl answered:

"I am afraid not." It was not often she spoke to Lund at all, and Rainey wondered if she had experienced any change of feeling toward the giant as well as himself.

Carlsen got up, announcing his intention of going forward. Lund nodded significantly at Rainey as if to suggest that the doctor was going to foregather with the hunters, and that this might be an opportunity to talk with Sandy.

"Goin' to turn in," he said. "Eyes hurt me. It's the ice in the wind." Carlsen had already vanished and the girl went to her room.

The door from the galley corridor opened, and a head was poked in cautiously. Then Sandy came into the cabin.

"Beg pardon, Mister Rainey, sir," said the roustabout, "I was through with the dishes. I wanted to have a talk with yer." His pop-eyes roamed about the cabin doubtfully.

"Come in here," said Rainey, and ushered Sandy into his own quarters.

"Now, then," he said, established on the bunk, while Sandy stood by the partition, slouching, irresolute, his slack jaw working as if he was chewing something, "what is it, my lad?"

"They'd kick the stuffin' out of me if they knew this," said Sandy. "I've bin warned to hold my tongue. Deming said he'd cut it out if I chattered. An' he would. But—"

"But what? Sit down, Sandy; I won't give you away."

"You went overboard after me, sir. None of them would. I've heard what Mr. Carlsen said, that I didn't amount to nothin'. Mebbe I don't, but I've got my own reasons for hangin' on. Me, of course I don't amount to much. Why would I? If I ever had mother an' father, I never laid eyes on 'em. I've made my own livin' since I was eight. I've never 'ad enough grub in my belly till I worked for Tamada. The Jap slips me prime fillin'. He's only a Jap, but he's got more heart than the rest o' that bloody bunch put together."

Rainey nodded.

"Tell me what you know, quickly. You may be wanted any minute."

The words seemed to stick in the lad's dry throat, and then they came with a gush.

"It's the doc! It's Carlsen who's turned 'em into a lot of bloody Bolsheviks, sir. Told 'em they ought to have an ekal share in the gold. Ekall all round, all except Tamada—an' me. I don't count. An' Tamada's a Jap. The men is sore at Mr. Lund becoz he sez the skipper left him be'ind on the ice. Carlsen's worked that up, too. Said Lund made 'em all out to be cowards. 'Cept Hansen, that is. He don't dare say too much, or they'll jump him, but Hansen sort of hints that Cap'n Simms ought to have gone back after Lund, could have gone back, is the way Hansen put it. So they're all goin' to strike."

Rainey's mind reacted swiftly to Sandy's talk. It seemed inconceivable that Carlsen would be willing to share alike with the hunters and the crew. Sandy's imagination had been running wild, or the men had been making a fool of him. The girl's share would be thrown into the common lot. And then flashed over him the trick by which Carlsen had disposed of all the ammunition in the hunters' possession. He had a deeper scheme than the one he fed to the hunters, and which he merely offered to serve some present purpose. Rainey's jaw muscles bunched.

"Go on, Sandy," he said tersely.

"There ain't much more, sir. They're goin' to put it up to Lund. First they figgered some on settin' him ashore with you an' the Jap. That's what

Carlsen put up to 'em. But they warn't in favor of that. Said Lund found the gold, an' ought to have an ekal share with the rest. An' they're feelin' diff'unt about you, sir, since you saved me. Not becoz it was me, but becoz it was what Deming calls a d-n plucky thing to do."

"How did you learn all this?" demanded Rainey.

"Scraps, sir. Here an' there. The sailors gams about it nights when they thinks I'm asleep in the fo'c's'le. An' I keeps my ears open when I waits on the hunters. But they ain't goin' to give you no share, becoz you warn't in on the original deal. But they ain't goin' to maroon you, neither, unless Lund bucks an' you stand back of him."

"How about Captain Simms?"

"Carlsen sez he'll answer for him, sir. He boasts how he's goin' to marry the gal. That'll giv' him three shares—countin' the skipper's. The men don't see that, but I did. He's a bloody fox, is Carlsen."

"When's this coming off?" asked Rainey.

"Quick! They're goin' to sight land tomorrow, they say. I heard that this mornin'. I hid in my bunk."

"All right, Sandy. You're smarter than I thought you were. Sure of all this?"

"I ain't much to look at, sir, but I ain't had to buck my own way without gittin' on ter myself. You won't give me away, though? They'd keelhaul me."

"I won't. You cut along. And if we happen to come out on top, Sandy, I'll see that you get a share out of it."

"Thank you, sir."

"I'll come out with you," said Rainey. "If any one comes in before you get clear, I'll give you an order. I sent for you, understand."

But Sandy got back into the galley without any trouble. Rainey began to pace the cabin again, and then went back into his own room to line the thing up. Lund was asleep, but he would waken him, he decided, filled with admiration at the blind man's sagacity and the way he had foreseen the general situation.

There was not much time to lose. Rainey did not see what they could do against the proposition. He was sure that Lund would not consent to it. And he might have some plan. He had hinted that he had cards up his sleeve.

What Carlsen's ultimate plans were Rainey did not bother himself with. That it meant the fooling of the whole crew he did not doubt. He intended eventually to gather all the gold. And the girl—she would be in his power. But perhaps she wanted to be? Rainey got out of his blind alley of thought and started into the main cabin to give Lund the news.

The girl was coming out of her father's room.

"Any better?" asked Rainey.

"No. I can't understand it. He seems hardly to know me. Doctor Carlsen came along because of father's sciatica, but—there's something else—and the doctor can't help it any. I can't quite understand—"

She trailed off in her speech, looking uncertainly at Rainey. The latter came to a decision.

"Miss Simms," he said, "are you going to marry Doctor Carlsen?"

Suddenly Rainey was aware that some one had come into the cabin. It was Carlsen, now swiftly advancing toward him, his face livid, his mouth snarling, and his black eyes dewy with mischief.

"I'll attend to this end of it," he said. "Peggy, you had better go in to your father. I'll be in there in a minute. He's a pretty sick man," he added.

His snarl had changed to a smile, and he seemed to have swiftly controlled himself. The girl looked at both of them and slowly went into the



But His Gun Was Out. As He Raised It Rainey Gripped With Him.

captain's room. Carlsen wheeled on Rainey, his face once more a mask of hate.

"I'll put you where you belong, you d-d interloper," he said. "What are you mean by asking her that question?"

"That's my business."

"I'll make it mine. And I'll settle you're shortly, once and for all. I suppose you're soft on the girl yourself," he sneered. "Think yourself a hero! Do you think she'd look at you, a beggarly newsmonger? Why, she—"

"You can leave her out of it," said Rainey, quietly. "As for you, I think you're a dirty blackguard."

Carlsen's hand shot back to his hip pocket as Rainey's fist flashed through the opening and caught him high on the jaw, sending him staggering back, crashing against the partition and down into the cushioned seat that ran around the place.

But his gun was out. As he raised it Rainey grappled with him. Carlsen pulled trigger, and the bullet smashed through the skylight above them, while Rainey forced up his arm, twisting it fiercely with both hands until the gun fell on the seat.

TO BE CONTINUED

Evelyn Nesbit attempted suicide by taking poison last week.

Judge John C. Craddock, 65, a well known lawyer, died at Glasgow.

Von Bernstorff says that for the next thirty years the world will be dominated by the English speaking people.

The receipts at the Harvard-Centre foot ball game were \$123,000 of which sixty per. cent. goes to Centre, being the winner.

In a recall vote Gov. Fraser, nonpartisan, was defeated by over 6,000 in North Dakota by R. E. Netos, Independent.

According to the filed reports at Frankfort the Republicans contributed to the campaign fund year \$17,312.10.

Beverly Beckham, a distant relative of former Senator Beckham, killed himself on his farm in Sieby county.

J. Allen Dunn



Here is an author with a punch in both fists; his career has developed it. He left his native England to serve as a correspondent in the Spanish-American war. Later he was syndicate correspondent in California, Hawaii and the Orient. In 1907 he was editor of the Sunset Magazine. He is the author of "Yosemite Legends," "California for the Tourist," "California for the Sportsman," "Care-Free San Francisco" and in fiction, "Rotorua Rex," "The Petals of Lao Tze," "Jim Morse, South Sea Trader," "Turquoise Canyon," "Dead Man's Gold," "Sandy Rourke" and "Salt of the Sea." His latest and most popular story, "A Man to His Mate," we have secured as a serial for this publication. As a tale of the sea, it will rank along with the best of Jack London's in that line. Everyone should read it.

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"That Was Splendid, Mr. Rainey! Wonderful! It was Brave of You!"

would have done that. I happened to be the only one to see it."

"I'm not so sure of that," replied the girl, and Rainey thought her lip curled contemptuously as she glanced toward Carlsen at the wheel. Yet Carlsen, he fancied, had full excuse for not having made the attempt, busied as he had been adding needed strength to the wheel.

"Oh, it was not what he did, or failed to do," said the girl, and this time there was no mistaking the fact that she emphasized her voice with contempt and made sure that it would



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GEORGE ALBERT WINGATE
SURROGATE

June 2nd 1921

Mr. Thomas A. Edison,
Orange, New Jersey.

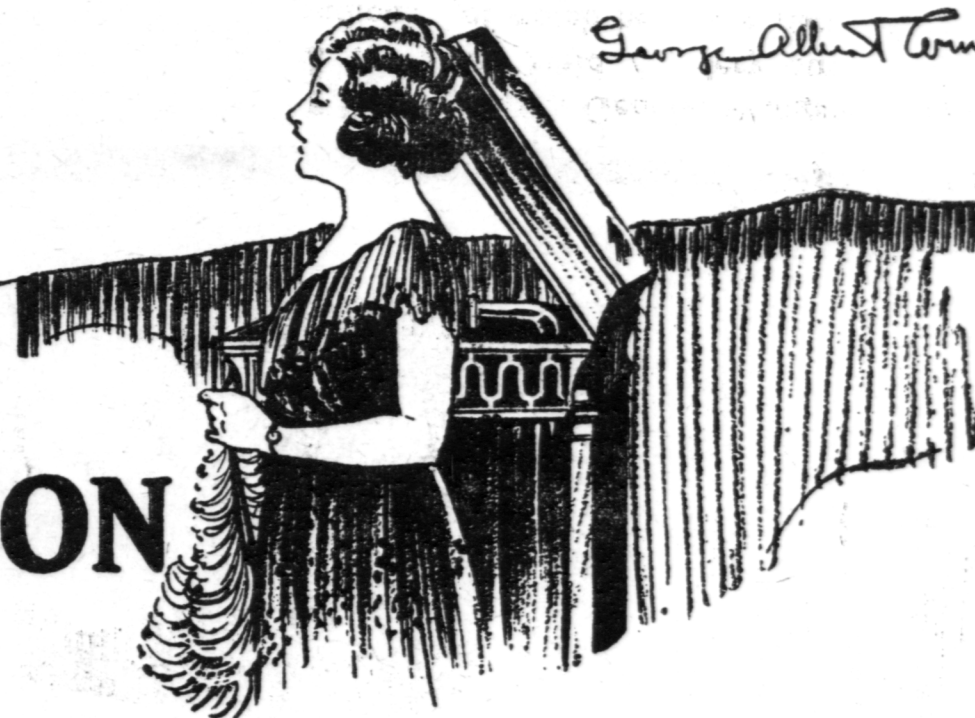
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The quality, tone, and humanness of Miss Clark's recreated voice were the same as the quality, tone and humanness of Miss Clark's living voice. With my eyes shut, I could not tell one from the other. The same is also true when Mr. Young played in comparison with a Re-Creation of his own piano-playing, -- and when Mr. Philips sang in comparison with the Re-Creation of his own voice.

Very truly yours,

George Albert Wingate



The test General Wingate heard

IN the insert is General Wingate, who commanded the 52nd Field Artillery during the war. The audience, of which he was a part, heard Miss Helen Clark sing in comparison with the RE-CREATION of her voice by the New Edison on May 25th, 1921, in the 2nd Field Artillery Armory, Brooklyn.

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